Reminiscences

by the

Rt. Rev. William Paret, D.D. LL.D.

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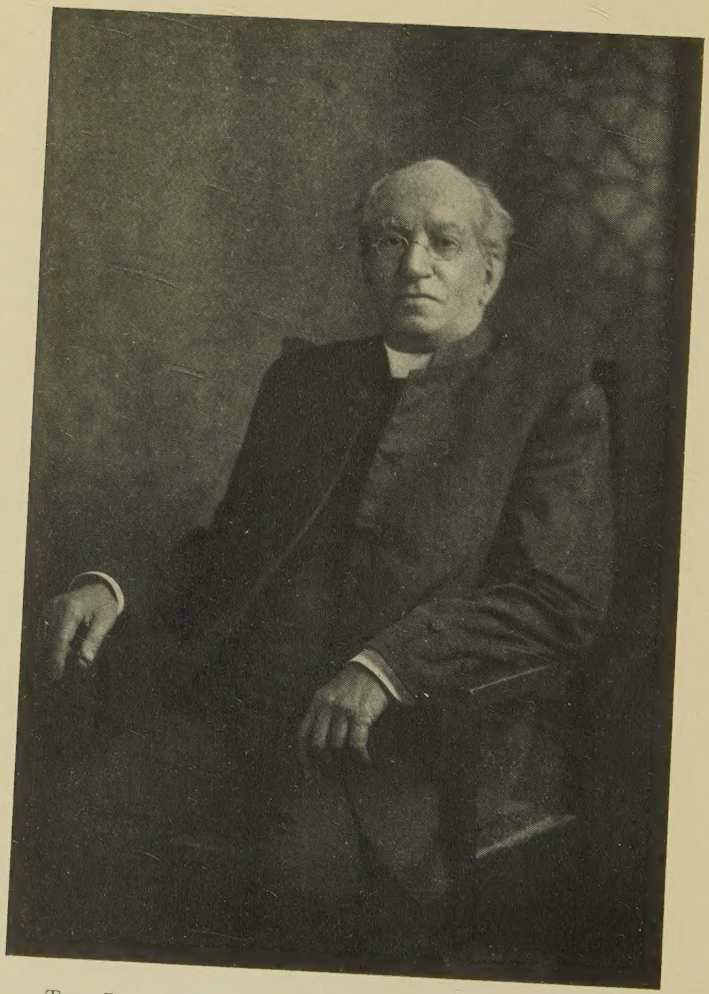

The Right Reverend William Paret, D.D., LL.D.,
Sixth Bishop of Maryland

REMINISCENCES

BY THE

RT. REV. WILLIAM PARET, D.D., LL.D.

SIXTH BISHOP OF MARYLAND

PHILADELPHIA

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

These "Remembrances" are written, not with any wish for their being published,—but at the earnest request of my children, and of a few dear friends. I have tried to state facts only, very plainly, avoiding as far as possible any expression of my own opinions.

PREFACE

In a conversation with Bishop Paret a few days before his departure on a trip abroad in the autumn of 1909, I suggested that he write for publication a book of "Reminiscences" during his vacation. He demurred on the ground that while such a book would undoubtedly be a source of pleasure and gratification to his immediate family and intimate friends, he feared it might not be of commensurate profit to others. I insisted, but he would make no definite promise. During his sojourn at Nice, France, he wrote me that he had begun the book, and I wrote him renewing my request and emphasizing it as follows: "I do not agree with you that these Reminiscences should not be prepared for public use. As I have before told you, in my judgment they would not only accomplish a great deal of good, but would, also, constitute a very important part

of the history of the Church in the Diocese of Maryland. This is not only my view, but the view of many Churchmen in the Diocese whose judgment you are accustomed to respect in all other affairs; and so I hope that in the work you are now doing upon these Reminiscences you will have in mind at least as their ultimate end, publication for general use . . . as a matter of self-protection you should consider this view of the case, because, as you know, if work of this kind is not done by a man himself whose life and labor have been such as yours, an *attempt* at it is made by someone else, with a result that is generally disastrous, and frequently humiliating."

This letter was not without effect, and upon his return he placed the manuscript in my hands, saying: "I have complied with your wish, and found great gratification in the exercise it afforded me. Here is what I have written. It is purely from memory. Read it at your convenience, and make such use of it as you may determine. If you should decide to publish it you will do well to have it edited to the extent of verifying

dates, amounts and other more minute particulars."

Upon reading the manuscript I found it so characteristically natural, so pleasing and profitable withal, and containing so many things of personal and historical significance to the Diocese of Maryland, that I decided to publish it with only the necessary revision. What of the latter has been done is the work of the Bishop's grand-daughter, Miss Emily Paret Atwater, who served him in the capacity of private secretary for many years, and whose confidential intimacy with the Bishop, and perfect knowledge of all his affairs, personal and official, peculiarly fitted her for the task she has most lovingly and loyally performed.

The influence of the life and labor of Bishop Paret will be felt in the work of the Church in the Diocese of Maryland for all time. My desire is that his memory shall live commensurate with his influence. This book, which is a living epistle of the man, is published with the hope that it will find its way into every household among us, and be the medium of transmitting to our children,

and to our children's children, not only the name, but, also, something of the wisdom and worth of William Paret, the sixth Bishop of Maryland.

JOHN G. MURRAY,
Bishop of Maryland.

Baltimore, Md., March, 1911.

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INTRODUCTION

In sending out these "Reminiscences" of Bishop Paret to the public, a few explanatory words may not be out of place. Having been associated since childhood with my grandfather as his private secretary, and having had some share in the "earnest request" for the writing of the Reminiscences, the task of editing them was, after his death, entrusted to me. It was a task reverently accepted, and, I hope, completed with impartiality as well as care.

Although most of the incidents related have long been familiar to me in the form in which they are given, still, recognizing that the book was written entirely from memory, I have tried to verify them, in so far as possible. In many cases, and particularly with regard to his early life and work, this was, of course, impracticable, and should an occasional misstatement be detected, I can but crave the reader's indul-

gence by calling attention to the Author's Preface in which he states that these "Remembrances" were not written primarily with a view to publication.

The work was begun and finished during the year that Bishop Paret spent abroad, following the consecration of his coadjutor (1909-10), and the manuscript was written out entirely by hand in that clear and beautiful chirography so familiar to his correspondents.

Although this trip was taken at his express wish, and largely for his own benefit, he soon grew homesick for his diocese, his people, and for his daily office routine. Too infirm for much sight-seeing, time hung heavy on his hands, and so it was that the writing of his Reminiscences, although undertaken with reluctance, soon became of absorbing interest to him. Far from home, with no books or papers of any kind for reference, these Reminiscences of a man eighty-four years of age are remarkable for their clearness, conciseness and faithfulness to the smallest detail. Conversational in tone, yet pastoral rather than personal, they furnish

a far better portrait of the author, both as a man and a priest, than any words of another, no matter how laudatory they might be.

This *pastoral* rather than *personal* character of the book accounts for the omission of much concerning his family life. The few such incidents mentioned relate more to his ministry than to his home. Yet none who knew him,—those nearest to him least of all,—could doubt the deep tenderness that lay beneath his quiet, and often reserved, exterior for the members of that home-circle. What he has seen fit not to dwell upon, in the more intimate relations of life, could not with propriety be supplied by another hand, and, save for a few brief notes, I have endeavored to respect his silence.

It is less easy to explain the absence of any but the slightest allusion to the meetings of the General Convention. It seems probable that Bishop Paret may have intended to give a more accurate and comprehensive account of the deliberations and legislation of this Body, with which he was so long and so closely associated, than could have been done from memory, and so left the whole

subject practically untouched until his return home.

But that home coming was to be a very sad one, and any additions to the Reminiscences that he may have planned were never made. Mrs. Paret's health had begun to fail in the preceding summer, and soon after their return to Baltimore, in September, 1910, she was taken to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she passed to her rest on the 15th of January, 1911.

The illness and suffering of his devoted wife cast a cloud over her husband's life that was not to be lifted. Leaving the more arduous part of his work to him whom he so affectionately calls his "Brother Bishop,"—he resumed some of his official duties, and, in the hope of diversion, spent many hours at his desk. But his anxiety told on his health, an attack of la grippe developed into pneumonia, and without knowing that his beloved wife had two days before preceded him,—he entered upon his reward January 18th, 1911, in the 84th year of his age, and the 26th year of his Episcopate. His clear and vigorous mind remained unclouded to

the last, and the sense of humor, so strongly discernible in the Reminiscences, never deserted him. Almost his last conscious act was a participation in the Holy Communion; and death found him calm and unafraid. To him the words of St. Paul seem peculiarly fitting: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the Faith."

In concluding, the editor wishes to express her grateful appreciation for much valuable assistance given in the editing of the Reminiscences by the Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., Bishop of Maryland, the late Rev. Dr. Eccleston, one or two others of the clergy of Maryland, and to Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth, Librarian of the Maryland Diocesan Library.

EMILY PARET ATWATER.

Baltimore, Md., March, 1911.

EARLY DAYS AND SCHOOL-LIFE

REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS AND SCHOOL-LIFE

I was born in the City of New York on the 23rd day of September, 1826.

My grandfather was Stephen Paret, from France, the hamlet of Latour near Serillac, in the department of Corrèze in France. He left his home as a soldier in the French Army,—serving for a time in South America,—but after his service found his way to New York City where he became a successful merchant.

His son, John Paret, was my father.

My mother's maiden name was Hester Levi. Of her ancestry, I know only that she was of Jewish origin.

The home of my parents was on Greenwich Street (No. 221), near Barclay Street. It is now all given up to business, chiefly

wholesale, but was then a place of pleasant family homes.

Though not the eldest born, the death of an older brother made me, while yet in early childhood, the oldest living son in a family of twelve children. Remembrances of those earliest days are very few and indistinct. One incident comes back vividly. When I was about four years old, before I had been to school, or had received any lessons, my mother found me one day, seated on the floor, with a book in my lap and my hands. To her question,—"What are you doing, William?" I answered, "I am reading." "Nonsense, child," she said, "you can't read; let me see if your book is not upside down." But it proved to be right side up. "What book is it?" was her next question; and I gave the name rightly. Amazed, she asked, "Do you really mean that you can read? Let me hear you read on that page." And I read, where she pointed, several lines, clearly and distinctly. It always remained to her and to the others a problem of wonder, how I learned my letters and the use of words. But I am quite confident that I have

the explanation. My two sisters, one of them two years, and one five years older than myself, were in the habit of studying their lessons in the large room where I was free to stay and play. The younger sister was just learning to read; and I think that by watching and listening I must have caught unconsciously much that they were getting by careful labor; and my love for reading and books became strong.

My father had an excellent, though small, collection of books; and before I was ten years of age I had gone through almost all of them. At eleven years I had read all of Shakespeare, Anquetil's Universal History in seven volumes, much of Byron, much of Scott, and was able to repeat, from memory, the "Lady of the Lake" from beginning to end. This love of books and reading never left me. It had much to do in determining the course of my after life.

When little more than six years old, I was sent to a boarding school in Connecticut, at South Farms, about four miles from Litchfield. There were no railroads in that direction; and I remember well the very slow

journeys in the clumsy small steamboat to Bridgeport or Norwalk, whence we took an old-fashioned stage coach, hung on straps and swinging wildly. It was almost or quite an all day's ride. The master of the school was Mr. Samuel M. Ensign. Just across the green was the Congregational Meeting House (they did not call it church), where we all had to go on Sundays under charge of Miss Ensign, the Master's sister. Of the worship or the preaching I can remember nothing. But I well remember the dreary coldness; for there were no stoves or fires in the church. We carried two or three little foot-warmers containing ashes and coals, one for Miss Ensign, and two for the boys to use in turn. And to keep us awake and out of mischief she occasionally passed around cookies and fennel seeds.

By the old-fashioned reckoning of those days, each day began not in the morning, but at sunset. The Master's father (old man Ensign, we called him) would take his chair on the green before the house, on Saturday evening about fifteen minutes before sunset; and while we were at our free and

noisy games he was watching the sun. Presently he would give warning, "Almost sunset;" but we played on, until in a loud, clear voice he shouted, "Sundown!" and instantly play stopped, noise gave way to stillness, and Saturday faded suddenly into Sunday.

The order was reversed the next evening; again "old man Ensign" was in his chair on the green. The boys, not daring to be noisy, gathered around him, eager for their freedom. "Sundown yet?" we would ask, and his answer would be "not quite;" till at last, as we watched, he gave the word, "Sundown," and with our yells and shouts of play, Sunday broke instantly into Monday.

Of the incidents of school life I have retained very few. I was there in the year 1833, at the time of the great shower of "Shooting Stars." The people of the neighborhood thought that the last day had come; and our schoolmaster shared that thought, so we were all waked out of sleep and taken into the larger room for a prayer meeting of half an hour. Another incident was strongly fixed in my mind by ten weeks

of childhood's suffering. We had ginger cookies, one apiece, on Sundays only. My cousin, John Dunkin, at school with me, had found and taken a robin's nest with four young birds. I bought one of the birds, promising to pay ten cookies, one each Sunday. Alas! in three days my bird was dead, but John remorselessly insisted on full payment. So for ten weeks I had to pocket my cookie at the table and carry it out and watch while he ate it without giving me a crumb.

I have a memorial of those school days in a letter written from school to my mother, when I was about eight years old. She carefully kept it, and gave it to me some fifty years later. It was as follows:

"*Dear Mother,—*

"Your kind letter with one to Mrs. Ensign was duly received from which I was pleased to hear that my dear parents brother and sisters were alive and well. When I think of you I feel sorry for John who can never again see his parents or receive from them their kind embraces. I am studying

History from which I learn that it is a narrative of the events which have taken place in the world it sets before us striking instances of virtue heroism and patriotism it opens the hidden springs of human affairs and by the principle of emulation it incites us to copy such noble examples by presenting us with the vicious ultimately overtaken and punished for their crimes it also has an important connection with Theology which teaches the perfections of God and the duty which we owe to him. I would write more if I could but I have not any time. Mr. Ensign told me to tell you that I have wrote 12 letters but he would not let any of them go because they were blotted I remain

"Your Affectionate

"Son William Paret."

It was evidently not entirely original. I do not think it was dictated to me, but probably giving the substance of something fresh in my mind from some book I was studying.

I do not think I could have remained at that school more than two years; because at

nine or ten, I was again in New York City, attending the Grammar School of Columbia College on Murray Street. There I completed the full English and French course, but did not take Latin or Greek, it being my father's purpose to put me into business life as soon as possible. Among the teachers I remember most kindly Prof. Henry Drisler who afterwards became a famous scholar; and very unkindly, Prof. Charles Anthon, then Professor of Latin and Greek in the College. He taught us not mentally, but physically, in his use of the rattan.

During those Grammar School days my relations with my father were very helpful and pleasant. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and had his private boathouse on the wharf at or near the foot of Barclay Street. Every pleasant Saturday, or other day free from school, he would take me with him for a fishing trip in or near the harbor; at Ellis's Island or Governor's Island, or Robbin's Reef or the Kill von Kull; and so began the love for fishing which clung to me all my life. But it was not in fishing only that we were brought close. As I was one evening

reading the daily paper, I turned to him and asked, "Father, what does the inside of a theater look like?" "What a question!" he answered. "Don't you know?" "Certainly not," I said, "I have never been in a theater." A few days after, on my coming from school, my mother told me to put on my Sunday clothes, because my father wanted me to go out with him in the evening. And he took me to the famous Park Theater for my first enjoyment of that kind. It was an unusual occasion, the benefit of one of the most popular actors; and as such it had gathered all the theatrical celebrities; Macready, Charlotte Cushman, Placide, the Burtons and others. The chief play was "Hamlet." On our way home my father asked whether I understood and enjoyed it. "Yes, greatly," I answered, "I had read it several times, but never so well understood it, as I do now." "Well," he said, "if you will promise that until you are twenty years old, you will not go to a theater without my knowledge and consent, I promise that whenever you want to go, I will go with you, unless there should be some strong reason to the

contrary." That promise was kept, and it saved me from what might have been low and harmful, and cultivated my taste for higher and better things. And from this and other things I learned from him the principle which I afterwards followed with my own sons; keeping them near me by sympathy and participation in their enjoyments.

When I was a boy the city covered but a very small portion of the ground it now occupies. Above Tenth Street there were very few buildings. At Gramercy Park, now below the center, it was all bare fields or woods. I remember a Sunday afternoon walk with my father and one of his friends. We went far out beyond streets and houses, and on a hill covered by rocks of mica slate, my father said to his friend, "I have bought a good sized lot here for one hundred dollars." "Why, John," said his friend, "I did not think you could be so foolish. It will never be used. The city will never come so far as this."

"Not in my time," was the answer, "but it will be in my children's time, and I have bought it for them."

This must have been about the year 1835. Thirty-one years later, in 1866, my father died, leaving all his estate for the use of my mother during her life. Some ten years after my two brothers, co-executors with me wrote that my mother needed larger income than she was receiving, and that they had an offer of twenty thousand dollars for that lot. They asked my consent. The lot was sold; and within three weeks the purchaser sold it again for eighty thousand dollars. If in the market now, it would be worth probably a million, for it is just at the Southern entrance to the Park.

FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE TWENTIETH YEAR

CHAPTER II

FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE TWENTIETH YEAR

When I was about twelve years old, I was taken from school and placed as store-boy in a drygoods jobbing house in William Street; salary for the first year, nothing; for the second year, fifty dollars. I had a mile and a half to walk from home, the family having moved to a new home still on Greenwich Street, but near the corner of Beach Street. My duties were to open and sweep out the store very early, save twine by tying and rolling it in balls, and help to pack and mark goods for shipping. But in the second year, because I was found to be a good penman, and good at figures, one or two of the less important books were entrusted to my keeping, and I was soon promoted to be assistant bookkeeper.

In my sixteenth year, my father took me as his own assistant bookkeeper, and from

being assistant I soon became chief. It was a place of responsibility, since beside his New York house he had branch establishments in Mobile, and in Columbus, Georgia, with a partner in each.

I am sure that the business experience and training thus gained have been of very great value to me in all my after life.

I continued as bookkeeper until almost nineteen years of age; but during those years came a great change in my life. In one of the summer vacations, I went with my oldest sister to visit friends in Palmyra, New York. In our company also was one who was called my cousin, though really no blood relation; Miss Maria G. Peck, of Flushing, Long Island, whom three years later I married. There being no railroad available beyond Syracuse we there took what was called the Packet-boat on the Erie Canal; a boat entirely given up to passengers, and it was crowded. There were eating accommodations and berths for sleeping, but after the berths were filled, mattresses were spread on the cabin floor and many of us took our rest there. That part of our journey took about

twenty-four hours and was quite interesting.

On the Sunday after our arrival, my sister, a very strict Presbyterian, said, "We will go to the Episcopal Church this morning, with our friends, out of respect for them." It was my very first glimpse of the Church and of the Prayer Book. For though living in New York for nearly eighteen years, I had never crossed the threshold of an Episcopal Church, and had never even seen a Prayer Book. My mother, being a regular attendant at a Dutch Reformed Church (though not a member of it), I had gone with her every Sunday. It was the most rigid form of Presbyterian Calvinism, giving me the idea that as an unconverted person I had no part or lot in religion. I was an outsider. I must wait till I should be converted, and I could do nothing to help to that conversion. It was all foreordained. When the time came which God had fixed for it, if it came at all, I should be converted, and I must wait. The prayers offered by the minister were all for the saints, for those who had been converted, not for me. They passed over my head.

They may have prayed for me, as a sinner, but they did not expect me to pray with them.

That first Prayer Book Service was a revelation to me; the beginning of my first earnest religious thoughts. From the first sentences, through the Exhortation and Confession, it was a call not for the saints to pray, but for sinners to pray for themselves. I said to myself at once, "Why this is worship in which I can take part; worship for the sinners even if not yet converted." And before that service was ended I was taking my part in it heartily. In the evening my sister said, "Now we will go to our own Church." And I answered, "I am going where I went this morning." I never went back to the Presbyterian worship. On my return to New York I went with my mother to the door of the Dutch Reformed Congregation, and as leaving her I turned away she asked in surprise, "Are you not going in?" And I said, "No, Mother, I am going to an Episcopal Church."

Soon came the feeling that I could and must do something for my soul's sake; and I

began to study the old Puritan Book, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." I tried to work myself into the feelings there pictured; the meditations, the convictions of almost agonizing despair, at last giving place to hopeful raptures. The effort was a failure, and in my difficulty I sought advice from a clergyman of the Church, the Reverend Dr. Haskins of Williamsburgh, Long Island, telling him of my efforts and my failure to work myself up to and through the vivid emotions there described as necessary to a "change of heart." And he soon convinced me that the necessity was not for the emotions, but for the reality of a wish and purpose to serve God. Some months later, after careful preparation, on Easter day in the year 1844, I was baptized in St. Mark's Church, Williamsburgh; and on the same day, there being then no Bishop for that diocese, I was, as "ready and desirous to be confirmed," admitted to my first Communion.

In connection with that baptism and my life in the Church, arose the only serious disagreement between my father and myself.

Some weeks before the day fixed for my Baptism, I told him of my purpose; and he at once and in the strongest manner forbade it; declaring that until I should be of full age I was under his authority and bound to obey. Now my father, as lovable and honorable a man as I have ever known, had been turned strongly away from all religious relations and worship. He was, what is rarely found in these days, a thoughtful and earnest-minded deist. Believing that God is the Father and Creator of all, he stopped there, not accepting the Gospel as a Revelation, nor acknowledging Christ as a Divine Redeemer. He long after gave me the reasons for this position; saying that in his early life he had been greatly wrought up in the excitement of a great Methodist revival; but when the temporary excitement was past, a reaction came. He felt that it was all unreal, and in his disappointment he turned not only against that particular phase of religion, but against all the Christian religion which it claimed to represent. He had been baptized in his infancy, in the Church of Rome, his father and ancestors

in France having been all members of that Church. But from the time of this unhappy revival, until almost the last of his life of some seventy-four years, he never attended any place of worship, and would not permit one of his children to be baptized, or to go to Sunday School, while he left them free to go to Sunday services with their mother.

My proposed Baptism was therefore in absolute opposition to his wishes, and, his prohibition was declared most absolutely. I again sought pastoral advice, and was told that my duty to God was above my duty to my father; and so I told him. He insisted that he must see the clergyman, and they had an interview the day before that fixed for the service. At the close of their conversation, my father called me before them, and said very calmly, "William, you must choose between this clergyman and myself. You know what I wish, and what I am sure I have a right to claim. Which shall it be?" And my answer was, "Father, I must be baptized." And I went, feeling that the relations between my father and myself must afterwards be very unhappy. But in this I

was mistaken. On my coming home the next day everything was as pleasant as if there had been no disagreement. And the matter was not even mentioned until many years after. When I had been for some time a clergyman and had to study such cases from the standpoint of a pastor, I went voluntarily to my father and told him that I knew now I had been badly advised, and that my duty would have been to yield full obedience to him until I should come to full age. But during all the interval his confidence and affection for me, instead of being diminished, grew stronger.

Some six months later came a second difference of will between us. I was not a lover of business. Though an accurate bookkeeper I disliked buying and selling. My mind turned not only to books, but very strongly towards the ministry. I told him of my wish to give up business, take a college course and become a clergyman. In his strong objection to this, there was none of the arbitrariness he had before shown; only reasoning and persuasion. He told me of his wish and plans that I should be

with him in business; that he would take me into partnership so soon as I should be of age. And he asked me to consider it a month before deciding. At the end of the month I told him my purpose was not changed. He then offered to give me one of his southern business establishments, or to give me, and sustain me in, a large plantation which he owned in the State of Georgia, and asked me to take another month's consideration. I did so, but did not change my own plans. He yielded pleasantly, saying he could not let me go till I had brought in my next younger brother, Henry, and had trained him to be ready to take my place. After that he would provide all my expenses through College, and until my ordination, "but after that," said he, "you know I cannot continue to help."

My mother also advised me not to seek to be a clergyman, urging that I was entirely unfit for it; that my health was too poor,—my voice so bad that I could never be a good speaker,—and that I had an ungovernable temper. In all which respects I think the results have shown that she was mistaken.

It took several months to get my brother used to his new position and work; after which I was free to make my own plans. It was thought better that instead of remaining in the city and taking the course at Columbia College, I should go away from home; and I chose Hobart College at Geneva, New York, as having three advantages. It was a Church college, a small one, and in a very pleasant and healthful place. But the work of preparing for it, since I had no Latin or Greek, was a serious matter.

Taking a third story room which I had to myself in my father's house, I engaged a tutor, the Reverend James Millet,[1] a graduate of the University of Dublin, and an excellent scholar, to give me private lessons. He came every day for twelve days for lessons of an hour and a half each. He was a good teacher for just such work, and I was a diligent and determined student, and made great progress. After the twelfth lesson I dismissed the tutor and studied by myself. This began in February, 1846. I

[1] The Rev. James Millet, rector of the Church of the Holy Martyrs, New York.

began my day's work very early, had two hours of study before breakfast, an hour's walk for exercise, study again until lunch at half past twelve, another hour's walk, and study till seven; some ten hours a day of solid study. But my heart was in it; and to my own amazement I found that in eight months I had not only fully prepared for entrance, but had read also all the course of the Freshman year. In September I presented myself for examination, passed, and took my place as a Sophomore.

One advantage of the method I followed, of depending on myself, was that I was more thoroughly grounded than any of my classmates, and early kept the lead.

FROM THE TWENTIETH YEAR—COLLEGE, ORDINATION, MY FIRST PARISH

CHAPTER III

FROM THE TWENTIETH YEAR—COLLEGE, ORDINATION, MY FIRST PARISH

The life at college was a very pleasant one, yet very strict. We had to rise early, go to chapel at six, have an hour's recitation and were then free for breakfast, &c., till nine o'clock. There was no arrangement for eating at the college, and I had to walk a mile and back for every meal. Then came study in our rooms from nine to eleven, recitation till twelve, and freedom till two; study and recitation till five, then tea and freedom till seven, when we were expected to be in our rooms for study and enjoyment and sleep. But after a good hour's study, the rest of the evening was generally given to visits and good-fellowship.

My room was a very pleasant one, and there was a circle of six or eight, who loved to gather there to have me read for them

the next morning's lesson, to smoke, and play cards and chess. I was the only one who did not smoke, and I soon found myself a little lonely. For good-fellowship I determined to learn. I thought I might lose a lesson and a meal from tobacco sickness, yet I took a pipe. The first day I lost three lessons and three meals. Supposing the victory won, I began again the next day, and again I lost three recitations and three meals; and the third day brought the same result. But I persevered; and the fourth day brought only some temporary uneasiness. But I never loved smoking, and I continued it not for pleasure, but for companionship, and on the day of graduation I gave it up; and from that to this present time, sixty years, I have never touched tobacco.

The college life was very quiet. There were not more than fifty or sixty students in all, and the craze for athletics was unknown. There were no football or baseball games. And this quietness helped much to the effectiveness of study.

Among my fellow students there were two

only with whom I became quite intimate. One of them was Henry Adams Neely, who afterward became an assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, and later the Bishop of Maine. The other was Charles Wells Hayes, who later became the principal of the De Lancey Divinity School in Geneva. With both of these, as long as they lived, the close friendship continued. Both are now (1909) at rest; and of all my college mates, I think only one is living.

During the Junior year, I earned my first money for literary labor. At the medical department of the college, there was one female student, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell. She was, I think, the first woman to take a medical degree in America. As commencement was coming near, the authorities of the medical department were troubled by finding that their engraved forms of diplomas did not suit the case. They were in Latin, and prepared for the masculine gender. They applied to the Rev. Dr. Hale, our president, seeking someone who could write a good hand, and good Latin also. The president named me. I drew up a diploma on parch-

ment, and received fifteen dollars as a fee.

I passed only two years, the Sophomore and Junior, in actual college residence. At the close of the Junior year, the president, the Rev. Dr. Hale, came to me and earnestly pressed an unusual request. He said that there was in Syracuse, a very large and important school, the Parish School of St. Paul's Church, which needed a competent principal, and had asked him to find one. He flattered me by saying he knew no one else so well fitted for the post as I was,—that I was so far ahead of my class, that I could easily do the Senior work privately, and he begged that I would take the charge. I did, and though then only twenty-two years old, I became the principal of that school, which had three departments, and two assistant teachers. It kept me closely busy, but did not break up my studies; for at the close of the year, I went back to the college, and passed all examinations with honor.

That school year brought me into relations with one who afterward became quite distinguished, both as scholar and statesman. Andrew D. White, then living with his

father in Syracuse, became a regular pupil in the Parish School. He was then about seventeen years old. But he was far above all the other scholars, not in age, but in character and earnestness. His aim was to prepare for, and enter college. We soon found that the regular class work was holding him back; and he asked me to take him as a private scholar, outside of school hours. I declined to do so, because I needed some hours for my own study and for exercise. He was persistent, and promised that if I would take him, he would at half past five every morning bring two saddle horses to my door, one for me, and one for himself, and we could take our exercise in that way. On that condition I promised to give him an hour and a half daily for tuition. The result was that the next year he entered Hobart College with credit, just as I was graduated (1849).

At my graduation, the first honor, the valedictory oration was given to me; and notwithstanding my father's unwillingness to have me give up business for study, he, bringing one of my sisters, came on from New York to be present at the time.

One month after my graduation, I married Miss Maria G. Peck,[2] with my father's approval and his promise to continue to help me in money, with the increased expenses, until my ordination. I remained one year longer in charge of the school at Syracuse, earning some six hundred dollars, to which my father added three hundred; and we were able to keep house very moderately.

At the end of that year, again at the urging of President Hale, whose friendship for me was very helpful, I took charge of an important academy at Moravia, Cayuga County, removing thither with my wife and young child. Our house there was very small indeed; hardly large enough for ourselves; rent, fifty dollars a year. But we soon had to crowd in another. My former pupil, Andrew D. White, after his first year

[2] August 22nd, 1849. She was the daughter of Isaac and Agnes Peck of Flushing, Long Island. The children of this marriage were Adaline Peck, William Hale and John Francis (twins), Milnor Peck, and Adelia Vassar. Mrs. Paret died February 1st, 1897, and on April 21st, 1900, Bishop Paret married Sarah Hayden Haskell, widow of Henry Tudor Haskell of Chicago. Mrs. Sarah Haskell Paret had one daughter by her former marriage,—now Mrs. David M. Robinson.

at Hobart, determined to go to Yale. And he wrote to me, asking me to take him again as a private pupil, and prepare him for advanced standing at the University, and to give him room and board at my house. I told him it was impossible, there being no room to spare. But he was again insistent, wanted no other teacher, and said he would be content with a closet or a garret, if it had only room for a bed. He came, remained several months, proved a very pleasant companion, and went from me to Yale. He afterwards became Attaché and Minister at the United States Embassy in Russia, Professor of history in the University of Michigan, President of Cornell University, Minister and United States Ambassador to Germany.

From Moravia I was recalled to Hobart College, to be tutor in Greek, and in the mathematics, with opportunity to continue my theological studies. Those studies were under the personal direction of Bishop De Lancey, and several clergymen whom he called to help him chief among whom and most helpful was the Rev. William D. Wil-

son, D.D., a man of very great learning, and of great ability to impart it.

At the time of graduation from college, there were four or five who were seeking to enter the ministry; and the bishop, calling us together asked us not to go to a theological seminary, but to remain at or near Geneva, and form a class under his direction. It was an experiment, but a successful one. Out of a class of six, two afterwards became bishops, and two became the heads of schools of theology.

Besides the general direction and planning of the course, the Bishop's personal instructions were in preaching, in reading the services, and in pastoral work. Those instructions and his personal near influence were more helpful to me than any possible theological seminary.

When the time for our ordination came, our own bishop, Bishop De Lancey, was in Europe; and the Bishop of New Hampshire, the Right Reverend Carlton Chase, acting in his place admitted me to Deacon's Orders. And again my father's objections gave way to his interest and affection, and he came to

Rochester to be present at the ordination.[3]

My first pastoral work was at St. John's Church, in Clyde, N. Y., to which President Hale acting for the absent bishop had assigned me. It was a small town on the Erie Canal, with a small wooden church, and a small congregation. On the munificent salary of $500 a year I was expected to support my wife and child and myself, even paying house rent. It called for much self-denial, and close counting of pennies; and it would not have been possible, but for the loving generosity of my country parishioners. I remember one family coming in some four miles and every Sunday leaving at the parsonage either a pail of butter, or a basket of eggs, or a pair of chickens; and another farming household which at least twice every winter sent a load of wood; and others who at killing time would send a generous part of their mutton or beef.

One of the parishioners at Clyde was Mr. Charles A. Rose, an accomplished gentleman, graduate of college, living pleasantly as a gentleman farmer some three miles from

[3] 1852. Ordained priest by Bishop De Lancey in 1853.

the church, where with his wife and daughter he was a regular attendant. Our relations became somewhat intimate. I supposed that he was a communicant, but the parish records were very imperfect, and at the times of Holy Communion I was generally absent, since being only a deacon, I could get the administration only by exchanging services with some neighboring priest. While riding one day with Mr. Rose, our conversation turned upon some recent publications of plausible and bitter skepticism. And I said that there were things more harmful to Christianity than that; for instance, the powerful influence of example, when men esteemed in a community as men of uprightness and honor and lovable qualities, instead of openly avowing themselves Christians, by becoming communicants, threw all the power of their character and influence practically against Christ and the Church, by their attitude of neglect.

Some weeks after when I had announced an appointment for Confirmation, Mr. Rose was one of the first to come to me, asking to be confirmed. I expressed my surprise, say-

ing, "I thought you were a communicant." He said that though often invited to be confirmed, he had not only always refused, but had, for personal reasons, declared that he never would be; but that God had spoken to him through me, and he had changed his mind. I asked whether he remembered what I had once said about the example of practical disobedience on the part of otherwise good men; and I almost apologized for seeming to be so personal, saying that I would not have been so rude, had I understood his position.

"I am glad you did not," he said; "instead of blaming you, I thank you for it, and for your plainness. It was by that conversation my eyes were opened. I saw then what was meant by 'He that is not with me is against me.' And I learned a lesson, not to let the fear of man keep me from being true to God."

Another warm friend was Mr. Scott, a plain man in whose hat shop near the post office I used to linger, while waiting for the opening of the mail. He was an earnest and devout man, a great reader of the Bible, and

very determined in his position as a Universalist; and he loved to talk about it. He was well read and ready as to all the writings in defense of his views. Our disagreements were very clearly expressed, but always with the greatest kindness. He lovingly tried to convince me, and I as lovingly tried to convince him; but both remained firm. After some weeks of such acquaintance, he told me that he had a son, about twenty-one years old, lying very ill with consumption, and beyond hope of recovery; and he asked me to visit him.

"As a clergyman or only as a social friend?" I asked. "As a clergyman," he answered. And I told him I would gladly do so, if he would leave me free to do all that I felt to be my duty. "You know," I said, "that we differ much in our views. You say that you do not believe in any Water-Baptism. I do; and I count it, as by our Lord's appointment, a very great necessity. I shall try to make him see it so, and to be baptized. It would do harm, instead of good, if you tried in any way to prevent it, or to speak in opposition to my teachings." He assured

me that he would in no way interfere, but wished to be present at our interviews. It was so arranged, and weeks passed with my almost daily visits of prayer and teaching; the father being always present, and deeply interested. The son at first tried to reject my teachings, saying that he believed as his father did, and could not believe in eternal punishment. I refused to consider that point, saying that I did not ask him to believe in eternal punishment, but in eternal salvation. And as often as he tried to bring that subject forward, I pushed it aside. At last he listened, joined in the prayers, and was eager for my visits. When I began to speak to him about the duty and the blessing of Baptism, again he said, "There is no use in talking about that, I agree with my father, and do not believe in any Water-Baptism." And I answered that the question was not what he thought, but what Christ wished and commanded; and I read and explained the passages about it in the New Testament. Again there was long hesitation and slow yielding. And at last I said to him, "Now I am going to ask your decision. Will you be

baptized or not? If you say yes, I will be very glad. If you say no, I will accept that as final. Think and pray over it to-night, and when I come to you to-morrow, give me your answer."

The next day he told me he had been much in doubt; at one time thinking he would be baptized, but then not feeling entirely sure, he thought it would be wrong to do an act about which he was in doubt. "So," he said, "I will not be baptized." His father, who during those many weeks had said nothing except to join in the prayers, started up, exclaiming, "O, Walter, do not say that," and then asked my permission to speak to him which I gave. He said to his son, that he thought he was an absolutely temperate man, and the son confirmed it, saying that he did not drink anything that could intoxicate. "That is right," said the father, "it is good to be temperate, but there is a society called the Sons of Temperance and those who are members of it have help to keep their own good habits, and help in trying to save others. But your being temperate does not make you a Son of Temperance. They require that

you should say so in their way, should put your name to their pledge, and be bound by their rules. Now Mr. Paret says, and I think that the Bible agrees with him, that God has a Society called the Church; and membership in that brings you help for yourself, and helps you to help others. Now I am sure you do really repent of all you have ever done that was wrong. But repentance alone does not make you a member of the Church. The Saviour wants you to say so in his way; to put your name to his pledge; and that is by being baptized."

After a few moments' silence, the young man said,—"I wish to be baptized." In further preparing him I read and explained the service for Baptism. As I reached the first question, "Dost thou renounce the Devil and all his works?" he exclaimed, "I was afraid something would prevent it. I can't answer that question; I do not believe in any devil." "I do not ask you to believe in the Devil. I only want you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." And I read to him the passages in the New Testament which speak of the Devil, or Satan, and I said, "Now

neither you nor I know exactly what it means; but put your own meaning on it. Whether it means, as I think, a personal wicked spirit or only the power of sin and evil; put the Bible meaning on it. Dost thou renounce the Devil and all his works?" "With all my heart," was the answer. The next day he was baptized, lived some three months after, received the Holy Communion, and on his death, I buried him.

Soon after my Bishop insisted on my going to another parish, and some few months later I received a letter from Mr. Scott telling me that he, his wife and his daughters had all been baptized and confirmed. To my questions of surprise that one so fixed in his peculiar views should make such a change, he said, "Before I knew you, whenever I read my Bible, there was always one thought which hid everything else from my mind; and that was the question of eternal punishment. But when you visited my son, you pushed it out of the way as a trifle. It has been a trifle to me ever since. I am willing to leave that to God's loving justice. And now I can see, as I never saw before, the

great truths told in the Apostles' Creed; and my Bible seems full of light."

It was at Clyde that I became an enthusiastic trout-fisherman. I had opened a parish school which I taught myself; and with this added to general pastoral work, I was closely confined. I became dyspeptic. The good country doctor, after a few visits, said that he could not help me, unless I would keep my own rules. I preached to others that they must work only six days in the week, and I was working seven. "You must go trout-fishing, one day each week." But when I said I knew nothing of trout, he answered, "It is a poor country doctor that cannot administer his own medicine. I will take you fishing next Monday." He did so, and before we left the stream, he asked how I liked it. "Greatly," I answered. He took a prescription pad, and wrote, "To be repeated one day each week, till November." I obeyed, and the dyspepsia vanished.

MY LIFE AT PIERREPONT MANOR

CHAPTER IV

MY LIFE AT PIERREPONT MANOR

About the year 1855, after only two years at Clyde, much against my own will, but at the Bishop's almost positive command, I became rector of Zion Church, Pierrepont Manor. The salary was still only $600 (with wife and three children to care for). But there was a parsonage with some six acres of ground. Having been before used only to city or town life, I knew nothing of the country; but I soon became a farmer, and with that scanty salary, I had to do much of my own work. I learned to take care of my own horse, and to milk my two cows.

My work soon grew from the one little church holding only 100 people, to two churches, six miles apart, a parish school which I founded, and in which, with two assistant teachers, women, I taught for two

hours daily except Mondays and Saturdays. Besides the church at Pierrepont Manor, finding myself the only resident minister in a region of more than 150 square miles, I began services in four distant schoolhouses, giving my Wednesday and Friday evenings to them, so that each had a service once in a fortnight. The schoolhouses were always well filled, and the people interested. I soon found also a church which had been built, while he was a layman,—by him who afterward became Bishop Whipple. It was in the thriving town of Adams. I found three or four remaining church members, and I offered my services to keep the church open, and try to rebuild the work. They declined, saying it was impossible to pay any salary; and I answered that I did not ask any salary. If they would open the church, light it and heat it, I would hold service every Sunday evening. And after much urging they agreed. But since I had at the Manor, two full services and a Sunday School, and had to get home to attend to barn duties there by 10 P.M., I had to fix my services at Adams at half past six. It

seemed at first that the hour was so inconvenient, that attendance would be very small. But it proved the very opposite. There were five other places of worship; but at half past six, none of them had services, and their people were all free to come to mine. They did come. My church became the popular place and was always well filled. Among the regular attendants soon were found the Baptist minister, the Methodist and Congregational ministers, and one retired Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Jedidiah Burchard who had been a famous revivalist. Sitting in the congregation they took hearty part in the services, and we became warm personal friends.

My work at Adams lasted some ten years, and was full of pleasant incidents; and left as a result a congregation so strong that it afterwards had its own resident rector.

One of the regular attendants and regular in receiving Holy Communion, was Mr. John H. Whipple, the chief merchant of the place. He was the father of Bishop Whipple, and was soon elected a member of the vestry. After some eighteen months, there

was to be a Confirmation, and in preparing for it, I learned to my surprise that he had never been confirmed, and I told him he would be glad to have the opportunity now. He answered that he did not intend to be confirmed; that he was a member of the Presbyterian congregation, his wife regularly attended that worship, his friends and business associates were Presbyterians, and he could not separate himself from them. I reminded him that he was claiming and had claimed for eighteen months, all the privileges of a regularly recognized communicant; and read to him the Prayer Book rule which made Confirmation necessary to such a position.

To this he answered that his son, the bishop, assured him that in his case it was not necessary. And in the confidence of enthusiastic youth I answered that while his son was Bishop of Minnesota, he had no authority in Adams, and that I was rector. He hoped that I would not press the rule, and I said I hoped he would not compel me to do so. But, "I insist," he said. "Do you say that I cannot continue as a communi-

cant without being confirmed?" I said I was sorry, but there could be only one answer, and that was given in the Prayer Book. "Then you shut the door of the Church against me?" "No," I said, "I hold the front door of the Church wide open; but if you say you will not come in that way; and unless you can come in through the back door, or a window, you will not come in at all, then you are shut out not by me, but by yourself." Several times before the Confirmation, and even only a week before it, we went over the matter again. But he would not yield. The evening of Confirmation came, and I was called out from the vestry room with the statement that someone wished to see me at the door. It was Mr. Whipple, who said, "I have changed my mind, and if it is not too late, I wish to be confirmed."

It was one of my earliest confirmations of a principle and truth which I have never found to fail in all my nearly fifty-nine years in the ministry; that is, that it is possible to maintain with absolute firmness, and yet with most perfect kindness, the princi-

ples and rules of the Church; and in so doing I never lost a friend but gained the confidence and respect of those who did not agree with me.

Some other incidents of my pastoral work at Adams will illustrate this. Among the most regular attendants at our early evening service was the Baptist minister, the Reverend Mr. Cleghorn. He was a Scotchman by birth, a clear-headed man and firm in his own views. He always brought his own Prayer Book, and I heard his clear, full voice in the responses. He soon made himself known to me, and expressed very great love for the Prayer Book, and satisfaction for his enjoyment and help in the services. He had another congregation at Woodville, a village some five or six miles distant; and one day he came to me asking a favor. He said, "My people at Woodville have never known a Prayer Book service. It would help them much. Will you not give us a service there? I will put the church at your disposal, and will sit with the congregation and lead them in the responses." I accepted the invitation and took a number of Prayer

Books and some of my own people. And at least twice a year for the nine or ten years of my longer stay, he repeated the invitation, saying, "My people want it, and I want it for them."

A few years later, returning from a journey, as I entered the cars at a place thirty miles south of my home, the voice of Mr. Cleghorn called me by name saying, "Come here, come; your name was just on my lips." He introduced me to several Baptist ministers who were returning with him from the meetings of a Baptist "Association." "I was just telling them," he said, "how greatly your services and sermons delighted and helped me. And if you would only change two things, I think I would be confirmed and join your Church." "What two things?" I asked. "Give up baptizing babies," he said, "and have the Baptism of Repentance, and give up sprinkling and have only immersion." To my question, "Why not baptize infants?" he answered, "because they cannot repent, and there can be no right Baptism without repentance." "Oh, yes, there can be," I said. And he an-

swered, "Repentance must come first. Repent and be baptized, is the command. Why the very act of Baptism is itself a profession of repentance, the acknowledgment of sins to be forgiven and washed away. And acts speak as plainly as words." To my repeated assertions, that there could be a right Baptism without repentance, he said that if I could show him a proof of a right Baptism without repentance, he would come and be confirmed, and his fellow Baptist ministers said they would all come if I could prove it. "Very well," I said, "I may hold you to that. But leave that point for the present, and come to the other. Why must we be immersed?" "Because Christ was," he said. I denied it, saying the ancient inscriptions, in the Catacombs and elsewhere, represented Him as standing knee deep in the water, while St. John poured water on Him from a shell; "but yielding that point for the time, why must we do just the same?" "Because," he said, "that was the great example, the pattern of what a right Baptism must be." And I answered, "That, you say was the great, right Baptism. But please

tell me when He repented." "Why He could not repent, He had no sins of His own to be repented." "Just what we say of an infant," was my answer. "But that was only for an example," he said. "What," said I; "you say the very act of Baptism is a profession of repentance; then Christ by being baptized made a profession of repentance; if so, the profession was not honest. You acknowledge that it was the great pattern of right Baptism, and you acknowledge that He did not repent. I hope you will all keep your promise. Our bishop will be with us for Confirmation in about four months, and I shall expect you then. But we have reached my station and I must leave you."

The Methodist minister at Adams was, as I have said, a regular attendant at our services. One Sunday evening he waited for me at the door, asked me to go into his house which was very near, and meet his wife, who, he said, was not a Methodist, but a communicant in the Episcopal Church. On a subsequent visit he was telling me some of his experiences; and among them of his residence

in a certain city, where there were two Episcopal clergymen and churches. One of them, the Rev. Mr. G., he said was an unusually liberal man; "he not only often came to our worship, but also often asked us to take part in his, sometimes by offering prayer and sometimes by preaching. It seemed very liberal."

Now the Rev. Dr. S., the other Church clergyman was a man of a different school. I asked, "Did you know the Rev. Dr. S.?" "Oh, yes, very well." "Did he ever ask you to take part in his services?" and he said "No." "Which of the two," said I, "did you respect more, Mr. G. or Dr. S.?" "I don't understand," was his answer. "You said you liked Mr. G.'s liberality. I am not speaking of liking, but of respecting. Which did you respect more?" And the answer was,—"Dr. S. We saw that he was true to the rules of his own Church, while the other was not."

That same Methodist minister proved a great help to me. There came a strike on the part of our organist and choir. The organ was a very wretched instrument, and it

was played in such a manner that, in the chants especially, no one could join. For some weeks I adopted the method of reading the chants, and calling the congregation to respond heartily by reading; and they did so. The choir took offense, and one evening as I announced the hymn and waited, the singers, though in their usual seats, remained silent. After a pause I announced it again and read the first verse. Still no answer. I saw that there was a very full congregation, and I said that I did not want to lose that part of our worship; "I see a good number of Methodist brethren here, and they are used to singing. The hymn is of long metre; Old Hundred or Duke Street would go well with it. I would be much pleased if someone would lead." The Methodist minister rose, and some twenty or more of his own people, rose with him. And such good hearty singing as we had then, that little church had never known before. After service the Methodist minister came to me and said, "That was grand. I will stand by you. I will be here, and have some of my good singers with me."

The winters in that northern region (almost up to the St. Lawrence) were very severe and very long. Beginning with deep snows in November, they lasted all through March, the thermometer often going down to 20° below zero, and sometimes 30 or 32. But during all my eleven years there I did not, more than five times in all, fail in an appointment. The people soon recognized my punctuality, and by their own they proved their appreciation. In the severest weather I was sure of a fair congregation. For my long cold rides I wore two overcoats, and two pair of shoes; the outer pair very loose, of cowhide with the hair still remaining on the inside; under my feet a piece of soapstone well heated and wrapped in carpet; in my lap, a piece of railroad iron heated and wrapped in the same way. For the first two years I had no horse of my own. For my services, Mr. Pierrepont lent me one of his, a very old one, named Doctor, with the understanding that on my return in the evening I was not to take it back to him, but should keep it in my own barn until the next day. Coming home one night, about half

past ten, from a service at one of my school houses, nine miles distant, I had fallen asleep in my sleigh. The horse, left to his own guidance, instead of going to my barn, stopped at his master's door. He shook his bells, and the family, still in their reading room, recognized it, and said, "The Elder is coming." (I was rarely called by my own name, almost always, "The Elder," as being the only resident minister in a very large district.) But I did not go in. Again the bells were shaken; and after a pause a third time. Mr. Pierrepont came out, and saw me sitting in the sleigh. He called me, but I did not answer; called again and still no answer. He came and touched me, yet I did not move. Then, frightened, he called his family and servants. They lifted me out, slapped me with hands and reins, to restore circulation, rubbed my face with snow, and at last I began to awake. The waking was full of pain, though the going to sleep had been painless. Had the good horse taken me to my own barn, the result would have been very different. The thermometer that night marked 32° below zero.

When I went to Pierrepont Manor, I found the people near it, almost all nominally Universalists, but practically indifferent and without any religion. From our few Church families I could gather only some fifteen children for my Sunday School. Discouraged by this, after my first year, I said to Mr. Pierrepont, "If I cannot get more than fifteen children for an hour on Sunday, I see how I could get at least double that number for several hours, five days during the week. I want a daily parish school." After consideration he approved the idea, and offered a site for a schoolhouse, exactly opposite the church. Being himself a practical engineer and architect, he drew a plan which I liked, and said, "It will cost about $1,800, and I will give it." I said that I did not want that; because the people would call it Pierrepont's School. I would send out an appeal, explaining the purpose, and asking contributions. To my pleasant surprise I secured some $200 and he gave the rest. I secured a lady as an excellent chief teacher, at a salary of $350, and gathered in the day acher and pupils of a little village infant

school. Then came another pleasant surprise. There were seats in all for forty-eight scholars, and on the opening day, fifty presented themselves. In the circular sent out I explained fully that it was a Church school, that there would be daily worship and religious instruction, and that both would be after the method of the Prayer Book; but that all would be welcome who would conform to the rules of the school. I was myself present and teaching for two hours every school day but Monday.

The school continued successfully for ten years more, and there being nothing to compete with it, but a very poor District School, I soon commanded and controlled the young life for miles around. Boys and girls would come in and take places for morning and evening work in families, that they might attend the school. The positive but plain teaching, based on Bible, Prayer Book and Catechism (the last being thoroughly taught), soon had effect, and the scholars began voluntarily to come to church on Sundays. Their parents followed them, and my little church accommodating only about

100, had to be enlarged to double that size. Many proofs of its wider influence have come to me; one lad, who came as a plain farm boy, became in later years the superintendent of public instruction in one of our large Western States.

Among the brightest were two brothers, seventeen and fifteen years of age, of a family of Universalists, and themselves quite firm in that direction. Now I had made it a rule of the school, that in the daily prayers, everyone should kneel, and should also repeat the Apostles' Creed. After two or three months, I thought some were not obeying. I called attention to the rules, explained their reasonableness, and said that the next day I would ask if any failed. The next morning after prayers, I said that if anyone had failed to say the Creed, or to kneel, they would please stand. Five stood. I again explained the reasonableness, and beginning with the older of the two brothers, I asked him whether he would hereafter obey the rules, and he said that he could not. His brother said the same. All the others promised obedience. Then speaking to the

older brother (Pardon Williams), I said, "Pardon, you have been in all other respects one of my best scholars, and I have been much interested in you. I should be sorry to lose you. But the good order of the school must be maintained. We have been personally good friends, and I hope and think we shall continue to be so. But if you cannot change your mind, I must ask that when the school is closed to-day, you will take your books home and cease to attend the school."

Two weeks later the two brothers called at my house, and said,—"We have made a mistake. We cannot give up the great advantages of your teaching. And if you will let us return you will have no trouble about our full obedience."

Some twenty-five years later, in a steamer on the St. Lawrence, I recognized in a fellow passenger, my former pupil. I went to him and he recognized me joyfully. I asked about his life since, and he said he was "District Attorney" for his county, was a candidate for one of the judgeships in the Supreme Court of the State, and was quite

confident of his election. (He was elected.) I asked where he completed his education, and he said, "Nowhere but in your parish school. I owe all I am to that." I reminded him of his early Universalist convictions and asked whether he was still firm in those views. His answer was that his wife was a communicant of the Episcopal Church, his children all baptized, and he himself attended there every Sunday.

Some incidents of the life at Pierrepont Manor are worth recording. As at Clyde it would have been impossible to live on my very small salary were it not for the untiring kindness of my parishioners. If the hay in my barn grew low, they found it out, —and a load soon arrived. In those long cold winters we burned a great quantity of wood; there was no coal. For the first winter I bought a large supply, but early in the second winter, as one of my farming people, Mr. F., after dining with us, stepped out and looked around, he said, "Why your wood is almost gone." And when I said I was just about ordering thirty cords, he insisted that I must not do it, until I should

have heard further from him. Going to Mr. Pierrepont, who owned several thousand acres of good wood land near at hand, he told him that the rector's wood pile was almost exhausted, and that he, Mr. P., could easily spare from his wood land all that was needed; and he asked permission to have it cut, offering himself to superintend, and to see that no damage was done. Mr. Pierrepont agreed on condition that it should be delivered at my door without any cost to me.

Mr. Foresman at once arranged what he called a logging-bee. Some ten or more men volunteered to go out and cut down the trees. And in due time I was notified that they were going to draw, and that since it was so cold, we must have a good supply of hot coffee, and something to eat ready for them as they came in. My door-yard, by no means a small one, was in two or three days' work, pretty well filled with maple and beech, the best kinds of fire wood,—in long logs of sled length. In thanking them I asked how I should get that out of the way, since, though I split and carried in my own wood, I was not able to chop those great

logs. They named a man some three or four miles distant who had a horse-power saw. He agreed to saw it, and when I asked the price, he said, "Time enough to talk about that." I told him it was necessary for me to count my money closely, and I must know beforehand. "Did you think I could be as mean as that?" he asked. "Don't you know me?" I did not. "Well," he said, "you did not see much of me, but only of my wife. But last winter when my children had the diphtheria, and almost everyone was afraid to come near us, you and your wife came again and again and helped us greatly. I don't belong to your church. I am a Baptist. But I will saw your wood, and it shan't cost you a dollar."

For all my many winters after in that parish, the logging-bee was an annual custom and my fuel cost me nothing.

There were many such incidents in my life, of "bread cast upon the waters, and returning after many days."

Midway between Pierrepont Manor and Adams there was close by the roadside a small house where a young laboring man and

his wife were living very plainly. I passed that house every Sunday in going to and returning from my evening service at Adams. Learning that the wife was very ill, and that they had no friends, I stopped there one Sunday evening on my way to church, talked with them, and offered to pray with them. But it seemed as if my visit was not welcome, and they did not like the prayers. The next Sunday, taking my wife with me, I left her at the house of sickness to wait and help there, until I went on to the church at Adams and returned; and little by little we found our way to their confidence. Nearly twenty years later, when I was rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, I was walking far out in the suburbs to visit a sick person. There was a heavy blizzard of hail. My cap was pulled down, my collar turned up, leaving nothing visible but my eyes. A mounted policeman rode past me, and as he glanced at me, he slackened his pace, looked at me again, and finally drew up to the sidewalk and stopped. As I reached him I asked, "Did you want me?" And he said, "Yes, is your name

Paret?" And on my answer he asked whether I did not remember him. I confessed that I did not. "Did you ever know Alf Tredway?" he asked; and when I said I remembered the name many years back, he said that I ought to remember the little house where I stopped so often on my way to Adams, to help and encourage a young man and his wife who were in much distress; and that he was that man, Alf Tredway, and could never forget me.

While at Pierrepont Manor I was a very earnest trout-fisherman, and regularly from May 1st to November 1st, gave every Monday to that. It was a duty, a necessity for health of body and of mind, for Monday was my only rest day. Rising at five, I drove seven or eight miles to reach the trout streams, reaching home again at about dark, and always with a good basketful of fish; for the trout were abundant, the country was wild, and there were only two or three beside myself who went after them. To reach one of my best trout streams, I drove some six miles, turned into a wood road for two miles, and stopped at a log cabin occupied by

Mrs. Fitzgerald, a very aged Irish woman, and her two middle aged, unmarried sons. They were very hospitable, took care of my horse, and had a bowl of bread and milk ready for me in the evening. But I was a fisher of men, as well as a fisher for trout, and the two went well together. After a few weeks' acquaintance I asked the good old lady if she ever went to church. "Sure, how could I?" she said; "they have what they call meetings and revivals at the schoolhouse, but I can't worship that way. If I could find a church of my own I would go." I asked what church she meant and she took from a high shelf a book which she handed to me, saying, "That will show you." It was a Prayer Book of the Church of Ireland. I told her she could find her Church at Pierrepont Manor, only seven or eight miles away, and in proof I showed her my Prayer Book, and told her I was the minister. With tears streaming she kneeled and kissed my hand, and said that if she was a living woman the next Sunday the boys should take her there. And at least once a month after that, she was at church. She had also a married son liv-

ing in the neighborhood, and his four children had not been baptized. I soon had a service in her log cabin, inviting the neighbors, baptized the four children, and explained the need and the blessing. Going out occasionally for services and instructions I soon had the pleasure of baptizing a number of other children, and several adult persons. And years later after I had left that neighborhood, I learned that a neat chapel had been built at the corners, and was used as a mission of the Church at the Manor.

Besides my trout fishing, for many years I took August as a vacation, taking my own horse and wagon and two of my parishioners as companions, and driving some forty or more miles into the southwestern part of the Adirondack Woods or John Brown's Tract. There were no Adirondack hotels then. We built our own bark shanty, made our own beds of hemlock branches, cut our own wood, and did all our own work. And now as I am writing this in my 84th year, I am sure that I owe my good health and long life, under God's Providence, to my long drives and walks, my hard pastoral work, my fish-

ing, and the open-air life to which all these led me. It was a very happy life; and many years later, after experience in city parishes, including Washington, I asked my wife, in which of our homes she had been most contented, and she answered that she thought our happiest days were those of the very plain life at Pierrepont Manor.

There were some amusing things in my stay there. I have said that I was the only resident minister in a very large region. But after a while there came for temporary stay, a man named Taft, who practised several callings. He sold tinware, bought sheepskins, practised medicine, and on Sundays preached in the district schoolhouse. One day he came to me saying that he was reading a book about the Episcopal Church, which had some quotations in Latin and Greek from what is called the early Fathers. And since he did not understand those languages he asked me to write out the translation for him. I did so, and soon after I found that the book was written as an attack on the Church. Armed with that he announced that he was going to preach five

or six sermons exposing the errors of the Episcopal Church. In his second or third sermon he began using his quotations, saying "On this point Tertullian says" &c. But he pronounced the name as if it were Turtle-lion, and after two or three uses of it, one of the good countrywomen said to her neighbor, "I wonder if it is anything like a Camel-leopard." And a little laugh passed around. Presently he passed to another of the early Fathers, with the words, "On this point Cyprian says," etc. And again he mispronounced the name, as if it were "Si-pran," and to the same good woman after the second use, it suggested the familiar play of "Simon says up, Simon says down, Simon says wiggle," and soon planting her thumb on her knee, she said "Simon says up." The hint took, and several thumbs followed. At the next use of the same, she turned her hand saying, "Simon says down;" and five or six imitated her. When it came to "Simon says wiggle," the preacher noticed it, and closing his book in anger, he said, "I have been insulted while preaching the Gospel, and until an apology is made, I will

not preach here again." No apology was made, and his preaching at that place was ended. The same man's medical practise will illustrate many things that I had to meet among uneducated quacks. In a farm house near the rectory, was a young man very low with consumption. I was in the habit of visiting him almost daily; and one morning I found the tin and sheepskin wagon at the door. Going in I found the family and some friends standing around the walls of the sittingroom; while in the center sat the sick man supported by others, and opposite him, their knees touching, sat Mr. Taft. Both were bent forward, so that the tops of their heads touched. Presently he looked up, and to my question as to what he was doing he said, "I was making an observation of this case." And when I asked an explanation he said, "You know that I practise medicine on spiritualistic principles; and when we get into what is called 'report' the organ of vision is the top of the head." "Do you mean that you could see?" "Saw clean through him, way to his boots." "You could see his lungs then,"

I said, "and the trouble is there?" "Not at all," he answered. "His lungs are as sound as yours or mine. But you know he has a portable sawmill down in the woods, and he hurt himself there. In lifting some heavy logs, he bust his diaphragm. That is all."

FROM 1864 TO 1869

CHAPTER V

FROM 1864 TO 1869

But happy as that active life was at the Manor, the time came when it was a duty to leave it. My children were reaching an age when they needed better opportunities for education than they could get at home. And on a salary of six hundred and fifty dollars, boarding schools were out of possibility. So when an unexpected call came to me from a Western city, offering me $1,800 a year I accepted it, and removed to East Saginaw in Michigan.[4] My stay there was not long, only some two years, and was marked by few things save continual family sickness. One incident, however, is worth recording. There were very large lumber camps a few miles out of the city. I had found a lumberman, very ill with consumption, at one of the very low city taverns, where he had no

[4] This was in 1864.

comfort and no care. Two ladies of the parish, at my request, visited and helped him; and before he died, I had the happiness of baptizing him as one truly penitent. At his burial fifty or sixty of the men from camp came to the church. Some three months later, returning at 10 P. M. on Sunday from an exchange with a neighboring clergyman, and passing through the city toward my own house on the further side, I was stopped by the Mayor and Chief of Police who told me I could not go on; that several hundred lumbermen were in the city on a strike, had become a drunken mob, and threatened every man who approached them. I insisted on seeing for myself, and they accompanied me a little nearer. Slipping away from them, I entered the crowd, hoping to pass through, but I was seized and whirled about, seized again by another and whirled, then as he was about to repeat it, he saw my face, and asked:

"Are you not the parson that took care of Jim?"

"If you mean the man who was sick at the Lone Star Tavern, I am."

"Boys," he said, "I told you of the parson who took care of Jim. Here he is. Hats off, boys."

And every head was uncovered.

"What do you want, Parson?"

"My wife and children are over there on the hill, I know they are frightened, and I must get to them."

"Make a lane, boys!"

And he, and one other led me through to my own house. Half an hour later that mob had dispersed and all was quiet.

Western New York was calling me back, and I gladly left a city of great unhealthiness and very low morals, and became Rector of Trinity Church, Elmira, N. Y. My stay there was made very pleasant by my happy association with the Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, an eminent Congregational minister, a brother, or possibly a half brother of Henry Ward Beecher. His church was on the corner diagonally across from mine. Some ten days after reaching Elmira, I was in a store purchasing furniture for the rectory, when the merchant came to me saying, "Tom Beecher is here,

—(I beg pardon, the Rev. Mr. Beecher, but we always call him Tom), and he wants much to be introduced to you, if you will permit it." I expressed my pleasure, and we met. After some ten minutes of conversation, Mr. Beecher said that perhaps he ought to apologize; I might think he had been studying me. I said that, on the contrary, the interview was very pleasant indeed, and I hoped it might lead to many others. "But," said he, "I have been studying you; I began to study when I first heard that you were coming, and I have been studying you since, and somewhat selfishly. I am going away in two or three weeks on a voyage by a sailing vessel to San Francisco. I shall be gone eight months or more. Our trustees have made no arrangements for continuing services while I am absent, and I fear they will not do so soon, now why cannot you preach to both congregations?" On looking and speaking my surprise, he said that he was fully in earnest, if he ever was in his life, and really meant and wished it. I answered that if he really wished it, I might do it in one way; that my church was very

large, large enough I thought to have room for both congregations; and that my people scattered by long vacancy in pastorship were very few; that I would take the responsibility to declare our pews free during his absence; and I would be glad to have him give my love to his people, and assure them of a hearty welcome. "But as for the week day work," I said, "the work from house to house, I fear I could not undertake that. It will take all my time to hunt and find and bring my own scattered flock."

"Week day work? House to house?" he answered. "Yes, you are a priest and pastor, I am only a preacher. You are a rightly ordained minister; I am only a Sunday lecturer. I would no more think of going around to inquire into the spiritual state of my people, than a dentist would go and ask to look at their teeth."

The Sunday before his voyage he said to his people: "This is my last worship with you for some time. Our trustees have, as yet, made no provision for services. But I beg you, do not scatter to the four winds. Keep together, and do not go far away from

home. There is an excellent place on the opposite corner, called Trinity Church. I have had a conference with the rector. He sends his love to you, and says there will be free seats and a hearty welcome for you. I advise you to go there. You will like the worship and it will help you."

They took him at his word and came in very large numbers. On his voyage he sent back letters to his people, which were published in one of the daily papers. In the first one he said he was reading Froude's History of England, with which he was greatly pleased because of the light it shed on the Prayer Book. "And don't be alarmed, dear Congregational friends, because I tell my love for the Prayer Book. When I travel, my Bible and my Prayer Book go together." His second letter was sent from Rio. He said that reaching there Sunday morning he asked the Captain where he could go to Church, "and please note," he said, "that I spell Church with a capital C. It is all very well to be a Congregationalist, when you are among your personal friends, who can give you their personal

support. But if you are abroad in the world, and want Christian privilege or sympathy, you must be a member of a CHURCH, which can go with you the world over, and has a history to stand on way back to the first Apostles. You must be a member either of the Roman Catholic or of the Protestant Episcopal Church. And since I cannot be the former, when I travel I am a Churchman. The Captain advised me to go to the Chapel of the English Embassy, and I did so. The service was all sung, but so simply that I was soon able to take my part. I said the Confession, took home to myself the Absolution, heard a good plain Gospel sermon and went away much helped by it. And so will all of you, dear friends, if with real wish to worship you do it with a Prayer Book."

A fortnight after his return I visited him; and he said, "Well, my people took me at my word." And when I said yes, that they came in good numbers, he said that he saw they had not all come back to him. I answered that some five or six families seemed to linger, but that I had not tried to keep

them. I had even abstained from visiting his people unless there was sickness, or some special request. "I know it," he said; "but I am glad they are staying. And if I could have my way we would all be back in the old Church we ought never to have left." And when I asked why he did not come, he said, "Because I am a Beecher. I cannot work in harness. I should kick over the traces and make you a great deal of trouble."

Our close association continued. He was at my house or I at his almost every week. On one occasion he found me lying on a lounge in my study suffering from a heavy cold. "Has Brother H. (the rector of the other church) been to see you?" I answered no, that I was not sick enough for that. "Then he has failed in his duty."

"No," I answered, "if there was any failure it was mine, for the Prayer Book says that when anyone is sick notice shall be given to the minister; and I did not give notice."

He presently asked for a Prayer Book, and having it he found the place he was seeking, and said to me, "I have opened at

the Office for the Visitation of the Sick. Do you think it would lose any of its efficacy if it was said by Congregational lips? I would like to read it to you." I welcomed the suggestion, and he went through it very earnestly, kneeling at the prayers, and standing to say the Creed.

Some weeks later he told me that there was a family in his congregation which did not belong there, but belonged to me, and he wanted me to go after them. They were English; not poor, nor ignorant, but good and useful. He said that going through his Sunday School he noticed a newcomer. Asking his name, the answer was, "Edward." "Who gave you this name?" was the next question, and the lad answered, "My godfathers and godmothers in Baptism." "You do not belong here," was Mr. Beecher's answer, and the lad said, "They told us that this was the English Church." "Yes," said Mr. Beecher, "we speak English, but you mean the Church of England. That is over on the other corner, and I will ask the minister to find you."

After awhile, in his impulsive way, he

tried to bring the Prayer Book into use in his own congregation. He said one Sunday, that he had been with them many years, and they had made him do all the work. They ought to help him more. How? Perhaps they would like to take part in the preaching, but he wanted to keep that to himself. But they might help him in praying. Hitherto he had prayed alone and they had listened. He wanted them to pray with him. "If so, we must all say the same thing, must agree on the words; there must be a form for the prayers. And a form of prayers is a Liturgy. Now, I have seen many books called Liturgies, but there is only one book in the English language which is worthy of the name, and that is the Book of Common Prayer. It was composed—I beg pardon, it was not composed. It grew. It began to grow when the New Testament did." And then after giving a grand eulogy of the Prayer Book, he said: "Now, I have asked the book-sellers to get a hundred cheap copies of it. I want you to buy them. I will not ask you to bring them here just yet, but on pages 4 and 5 you will find what is

called the General Confession. I want you to commit that to memory. I will give you two weeks. And, by the way, if any of you do not know the Lord's Prayer, you will find it right after it. And two weeks from to-day we will begin to use it here, all speaking together. But how? Over at Trinity Church where they do it well, they all kneel. But Congregational knees are stiff, and we are used to stand while praying. Now, I read that the Lord kneeled down when he prayed, and that St. Paul kneeled to pray on the seashore. But if any of you feel that you can confess your sins more truly and humbly while standing, do so. For my part, I will kneel as the Lord did."

Some four months after Mr. Beecher's sailing, his brother, the Rev. James Beecher, came to take his place. Some of the Congregationalists went back, but at least one-half stayed with me.

One day I was called into the parlor to see a lady and gentleman. The man introduced himself as "James Beecher, brother of Tom, whom I think you know. At least he knows you, and says he loves you. I have

come to take his place until his return." Then introducing the lady as his wife, he added, "My wife is not a Congregationalist, but an Episcopalian (I beg pardon, my dear, I should have said Churchwoman, but I do not often make that mistake). She has come to ask pastoral advice. I will go into your study, if you permit, while she talks with you."

She said, "Yes, I attend my husband's services generally; but always on the first Sunday of the month, and the holy days, I go to my own Church for the Holy Communion. Now, my husband has his Congregational Sunday School at his church; but we live some two miles out of town, and there are many neglected children there. I have gathered forty or fifty, and am going to have a Sunday School. I am to be superintendent, and my husband is to be one of the teachers. I want your advice, that it may be as much like yours as possible. What prayers and what hymns shall we use? What books? What order of studies? And if you could visit it sometimes we would be very glad."

I arranged a full program, and Mr. Beecher, returning to the room, said that he understood and approved all that his wife was doing; that out there he would be a thorough Churchman, and teach just as I wanted him to do. "By the way," he asked, "is your Bishop coming before long for Confirmation?" And when I said that he was expected in about three months, he asked whether if they got some children ready to be confirmed, they might bring them. Surprised, I said, "Yes, certainly, but first I must examine them."

"You want them to know your Catechism. I know it by heart, and love it. I will see that they know it, and will try to give any special instruction about it that you wish."

About ten days before the Confirmation, they brought me fourteen children. I found them admirably taught, and on the day of Confirmation, after my own candidates had been presented, they brought up and presented their fourteen.

Mr. James Beecher at that first interview told me of a remarkable incident in his own life. He said that his first receiving of

the Holy Communion, and his first two years of communicant life, was in the Episcopal Church, and it always seemed home to him; that during our Civil War he had been a chaplain in the United States Army, but grew out of that into active service, and became colonel, and acting brigadier general. He was stationed for some time in one of the Southern States, and while there regularly attended the Episcopal Church and received the Communion. He became very intimate with the aged rector, who came to him later to ask a pass for a friend who wished to go North. Beecher knew that it was to get supplies and information, and he was obliged to refuse. This displeased the rector, and made him ready to receive the reports and insinuations which soldiers were always ready to give. A friend came to Mr. Beecher and told him that the rector had said that should Mr. Beecher present himself again for Communion, he would not administer to him.

The next Communion Sunday Mr. Beecher was in his usual place in church,

and after all the others had received, and the clergyman paused to see if others were coming, Mr. Beecher rose and said, "Reverend sir, I am informed that you have said that if I should present myself for the Holy Communion you would not administer to me. And in the Name of Him who died on the cross for sinners, for you, and for me, I ask what grievous crime is charged against me, by reason of which I may not be permitted to receive the Body and Blood of my Lord?"

There was a silence of two or three minutes. The rector grew very pale, his color came back, and drawing a full breath he said, "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life . . . draw near with faith and take this holy Sacrament to your comfort." He went forward, received, and they were good friends again.

RECTORSHIP AT CHRIST'S CHURCH, WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA., 1868-1876

CHAPTER VI

RECTORSHIP AT CHRIST CHURCH, WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA., 1868-1876

I was willing after a time to leave Elmira, and when a call came (utterly unsought) to the rectorship of Christ Church, Williamsport, Penna., I promptly accepted it,[5] and there I passed eight years of happy, and I think useful work.

The financial arrangement was very peculiar. My predecessor had been called at a salary of $1,000 and rectory to a pew-rented church. He declined that arrangement, but said that if they would let him take off the pew doors, make the seats all free, and put a card in each pew explaining that all morning offerings would go to the rector's salary, and the evening offerings must supply needs for mission, charity, and parish expenses, he would come. The vestry demurred, saying it would not pro-

[5] 1868 to 1876.

vide the $1,000. But on his insisting, they yielded. The first year the morning offerings were $1,100, the second year still larger; and in my first year they reached $1,800. And I had a vestry and people who stood by me lovingly.

Among many pleasant experiences with neighboring ministers, was one with a Methodist Minister. A committee including a Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, and a Baptist Minister, called on me asking my signature to a document which claimed to be a protest from "the clergy of the city," against certain things which were thought to be in use at the Methodist camp meeting grounds some miles out of the city. The protest was very severe indeed in its terms, asserting that the Methodists in charge were violating Christian principles and dishonoring our Lord, by permitting milk, ice and other necessaries to be delivered on Sunday. I declined to sign, giving as one reason, that I had no knowledge in the case. "But we assure you of the facts," they said. And my answer was that when I signed a paper it was understood to be

on my own personal knowledge, and that besides, I counted their government of their own religious assemblies and usages, as matters of their responsibility and not of mine; that we, of the Episcopal Church, were sometimes charged with exclusiveness, but it was because we believed in minding our own business, and leaving others free for theirs. And in spite of urging, I declined to sign.

Not long after I was stopped on the street by one who introduced himself as the Methodist Presiding Elder. He said he had received that protest, and noticed that my name was not signed. He asked whether my signature had been asked, and, if so, whether I had refused it, and why. I gave him my reasons, as I have given them above. Again grasping my hand, he thanked me, and said, "I do not care a fig for their protest, but I do care for and want your judgment. Let me tell you all that we do at that camp meeting ground; and if you say that any of it is really wrong, it shall be changed." But I kindly and firmly adhered to my position of not interfering; and

the relations between the Methodists and myself were very kind.

The Roman Priest, Father Stack, once proposed to me a clerical hunting party, there being many pigeons and squirrels close at hand. I said that twelve or fourteen ministers going together with guns on their shoulders would alarm the people, and I suggested hunting in couples. I took the Methodist Minister, the Rev. Mr. E., afterwards well known as a Presiding Elder. We tramped the woods for several hours. Game was plentiful, but we were too busy in talking to see much of it. I shot one pigeon, and he one squirrel. He had said to me that he wanted to ask me a question, and get a short, sharp answer, without any ifs or buts. I agreed, on condition that I might ask a question and get the same kind of answer. The first question falling to my lot, I said, "If John Wesley were to return to life and live in Williamsport, would he go to your Church, or go to mine?" "That needs some explanation," he said; and I said, "No ifs or buts!" "I give it up,—Wesley would go to yours." "Why then," I asked, "if

you are a follower of John Wesley, do you not follow him in that respect?" His answer was ingenious: "Wesley was a blind instrument in the hand of Providence. God used him to open a wide door, and we went through it."

The new Christ Church, half built when I went there, but completed during my first years, was an excellent stone building, and well filled not only by the wealthier people, but, to my great pleasure, by a large number of the men and their families who worked in the saw-mills, lumber-yards, foundries and factories. The architecture and arrangements were entirely in agreement with the advice given by some of the eminent architects in England, when they were asked how churches should be built in order to secure the attendance of the masses. Their answer was, "Make them quite large, very rich towards God, and very plain and simple towards man." Our church was not carpeted nor cushioned; and I think that was one reason why the plainer people felt at home. Presently the ladies proposed to cushion and carpet. I objected, saying it

would give an air of proprietorship for the rich, and I should lose some of my poor people. But the ladies prevailed, the improvement (?) was made, and in four months I had lost almost one half of the plainer part of my flock. I am sure that here lies the secret of the large attendance of the plainer people in the great cathedrals and churches of Europe. They are rich toward God; but there is no provision for luxurious ease for the people. There are no carpets or cushions, only very plain seats, or chairs.

My mission chapel at Swampoodle, in the suburbs, with its quite plain congregations, furnished some strange and amusing incidents. After afternoon service, at which all the Sunday School (a very large one), remained, I superintended and catechized. I had exchanged one Sunday with the Rev. Leighton Coleman, afterwards Bishop of Delaware. After the service, in talking to the children, he very earnestly urged them to be always prompt and early in attendance; and as he was still urging and illustrating, a boy, stepping out from his seat, raised his hand, saying, "Mister, Mister

preacher! I always do come early, but I tell you I have to run like the very devil to do it!"

On another Sunday, catechizing about the Ten Commandments I asked who gave them to the people, and the many-voiced answer came, "Moses." I explained that God gave the Commandments and Moses only passed them on to the people. "Now, once more, who gave the Commandments?" And this time the loud answer came right. But as it ended, a single voice said, "Moses." It was a little boy of ten, George B. McClellan Yeager. I explained to him again, and again asked the question. When the right answer from the whole school ended, again George said, "Moses." A third time I explained to him personally, again asked the question, and again his answer was "Moses." Presently I had to give out some prizes for good behavior, and the first name on the list was George's. Calling him up I held out the little book, then drawing it back I sent him to his seat, and calling his teacher, asked her to hand him the book. "George," I said, "who gave you that book?" "You

did, sir." "Did not Miss Edwards give it to you?" "No, she only handed it to me." "That is what I said about the Commandments. God gave them and Moses only handed them to the people. Don't you understand it now?" He said he did. "Now, once more, the whole school, who gave the Commandments?"

The loud-voiced answer was right, and then came George's voice,—"I stick to Moses!"

FROM 1876 TO 1885 AT WASHINGTON

CHAPTER VII

FROM 1876 TO 1885 AT WASHINGTON

My rectorship at Williamsport lasted very happily for some eight years, from 1868 to 1876, and it would have lasted much longer, but for an unexpected call to the rectorship of one of the most important parishes in the land; the Church of the Epiphany at Washington. My acceptance was only after a visit to Washington, and a full understanding with the vestry. I asked what they did for the poor; and the answer was that the parish had no poor; every pew was let. And I said then I could not come, for a church without any poor was too spiritually poor to be useful. They asked what I could do for the poor; build chapels? I said, "No, no money spent on brick and mortar unless it becomes an absolute necessity. Take a lesson from the Romanists. Use the same church building more often, and instead of

brick and mortar, let me have two assistants instead of one, and four or five services on Sunday instead of two; and at least three of them with free seats."

I also suggested the need of more frequent administrations of Holy Communion, because with seats all rented, no poor people could ever come to it. After suggesting some other possibilities, I left them to consider, and a half hour later they called me back, saying I had suggested some things of which they had never thought; and that if I could give them more spiritual privileges, and show them how to do better work, I might be sure of full confidence and support from both vestry and people. That promise was grandly kept; and I do not think there was anywhere a better or better working vestry, or a truer and better working people than those of that parish. My eight years in that charge (from October, 1876, to January, 1885) brought me much satisfaction in the work, and many true and faithful friends; and it was very rich with incidents of interest.

I found about 350 communicants when I

went there, and at my leaving there were about 1,400. There were strict parish boundaries in that city, marked out by streets. Epiphany Parish was very large, having at one end some of the best residences, and at the other, near the Potomac, many of the worst and vilest. Feeling my responsibility for all within its lines, and having succeeded somewhat in reaching and helping to Christianize many of the very poor women, my thoughts turned to the neglected and neglectful men of the same district. I told the assistant minister that I would relieve him from all week day duty at the parish church, for two months, if he would give his whole time to seeking the men in that poorer part; and that he should give two evenings weekly for going to their houses after working hours. He tried faithfully, but reported that there were no results. We then changed work. He took the week day duty at the church, and I for two months, gave my whole time to that missionary effort. I do not think I ever did more faithful work, but I, too, found almost no results. Then remembering that it was he and I,—

men,—who by personal work gained those women, I reversed the idea, and sent women to seek and bring the men; and the plan was successful. We gathered, in a rented house, what we called the Men's Meeting, for men alone, every Monday night; but women were to be the only workers. Beginning with only five or six men, it grew rapidly until in some three months there were more than 80 in regular attendance. The two or three ladies in charge made the evenings interesting by illustrated papers, magazines, songs, chess, checkers, etc., and at half-past nine every man had coffee and sandwiches.

But it was not an ordinary "Settlement" work. It was distinctly Church settlement work. We were not afraid, nor ashamed of Christ and His Church. We began with only the Lord's Prayer. The men themselves soon asked for more prayers, and for hymns, and that I should come and speak to them. Soon the Confession and Creed followed; each man had them on a printed card. Bishop Pinkney visited it with me one evening and said that he had never heard the Creed so grandly said. During the remain-

ing years of my stay in that parish I had the happy privilege of baptizing and presenting for confirmation fully one hundred of the men who had been so gathered out of vile surroundings and influences. The growth of the work compelled us to build a modest chapel on the adjoining lot, and to establish regular morning services and Sunday School. It was a fair illustration of a principle on which I have always acted, that the truest and best charitable work was that which was distinctly Christian. Our Lord made His bodily works of mercy and His spiritual teaching go together and help each other.

When I became Bishop there were one or two so-called "Settlement" works begun in Baltimore by our own Church people, in which, to make them as they thought popular by being "unsectarian," they practically excluded all religion. Inviting me to visit them they asked that I would have no prayers, and say nothing specially religious. I declined to go. One of these settlements, founded by some members of St. Stephen's Church, was called St. Stephen's Club. I

told them to take down that name, for St. Stephen gave up life rather than disown his Lord.

The "Men's Meeting" brings me some very pleasant remembrances. One evening the lady in charge told me there was a man near the door who would surely make trouble; he was half drunk, and swearing to himself. Looking around I saw two of my men, who, some eighteen months before were almost as bad, but were now earnest Christians. I went to them and asked them to help me by taking that man into a far corner and mounting guard over him. A little later one of them came to me saying, "Dr. Paret, we are going to have that man here next week, and have him here sober." The next week he was there, sober; and they said, "We are going to watch him, and try to help him." By God's grace the man was saved, through their zeal, and became useful and trusted.

I might add many instances confirming my position that the poor are more helped by openly Christian charity than in any other way; that they are not repelled, but rather won and held by our being faithful

to Christ and His Church, and by speaking boldly in His Name, as St. Paul prayed for grace to do.

About a week before a Confirmation appointed for the Mission, at which some thirty or forty men were to be confirmed, the good lady in charge for the evening told me that some of the men wanted to ask me questions. I called all who wished to ask to follow me up to the smoking-room, and nearly all who were to be confirmed did so. After my answering many questions as to their personal duty, they went downstairs, but one man seemed to linger. "Well, Edward," I said, "I am glad you have just been baptized, and you are, I am sure." And when he answered, "Yes," I added, "And I am glad you are going to be confirmed." "But I am not going to be confirmed." "Oh, yes," I said, "you promised it, and if you were prepared to be baptized, you are ready to be confirmed. You must be. Tell me what is the trouble."

"Mr. Paret, you did not know me eighteen months ago." I said I had only known him about a year. "If you had," he said, "you would have known the wickedest man in

Washington. I was an awful swearer. If my work went well, I swore; if it went wrong I swore worse. When I went home and began to talk to my wife or children, I was swearing all the time. One evening, in a speech you made at the Mission, you said something about swearing. I thought you meant me, and I began to get angry. But you stopped just in time. It made me think. I was ashamed to go to you, so I went to Mr. M. (the assistant minister), and asked him if a man who had been for many years an awful swearer, could be cured of it. And he said he could, by the help of God's grace. And when I asked how I could get that help, he wrote on a paper a little prayer in two or three lines, told me to learn it, to say it every morning and night, and every time I caught myself swearing. I began, but it was an awful fight. Yet do you know, until to-night, I have not sworn an oath for four months; but to-night (it was winter, and the six stone steps at the front door were very icy), when I came in, my foot slipped at the top step, and I swore all the way to the bottom."

"Yes," I said, "the devil is making a hard fight for you, but you must not let him win. All the more need for the help that will come to you in Confirmation." And, with further persuasion, he yielded,—was confirmed, and I knew him for years afterwards as an earnest, helpful Christian man.

The fact that my parish church had so very large a proportion of men, and many of them men of high standing, reputation and influence, made me think seriously of my special duties towards men. My early experience in the Ministry had shown me, what was confirmed later by my oversight of other clergyman in my office as bishop,—that most clergymen find it much easier to speak to women than to speak to men about their spiritual condition and duties. The approach to men does not seem easy. I determined not to have "the fear of men," but to speak boldly. One of the members of my congregation, a man of lovely character (whose wife and daughter were communicants), while a regular attendant at the services, had never been baptized. I went to his office and asked for an hour's interview on a very important

matter. He gave it, and I began by telling him it was a duty that I owed both to myself and to him. I wanted to speak to him about his relation to God, and his duty to God and to himself. And I promised that if he would hear me fully, I would feel that my conscience was clear.

The interview was held, and after asking him why he was not baptized and confirmed, I kindly but very plainly, urged it as a duty to God, a duty to himself, a duty to his own household, and a duty to the community, that his influence and example might be plainly on God's side. The conversation was long and full, and he asked many thoughtful questions. I closed by again asserting that having cleared my own conscience, I left the further responsibility with him; and that I would not again approach him privately on that matter unless he should request me to do so. A fortnight after, meeting him in the street, he stopped me, and referring to my promise not so to speak to him again until he asked it, he said that now he did ask it. And the result was that within a month he was baptized.

Similar good fruit came in the cases of several public men, one of them a judge of the Supreme Court, and all men older than myself.

During my eight years' residence in Washington, I was many times brought into interesting relations with public men. The Surgeon General of the United States Army, General Barnes, was a communicant and vestryman. When he was very ill with a sickness that he knew would be fatal, and I was visiting him daily, he asked that I should sometimes come to him for prayers late in the evening, just before his sleeping. Going for that purpose one evening at nearly ten o'clock, I found the President of the United States, President Grant, seated at his bedside. The President recognized me, and said that since I had probably come for a pastoral visit, he would be in the way and would withdraw. I told him that I did come for prayers, but that he would not be in the way. "If I may stay and join in the prayers," he said, "I would be glad to do so. Barnes and I were together at West Point, and in the Mexican War, and have always

been friends. And it is one of the comforts and reliefs in my busy life that I am able to come sometimes and sit up with him at night."

Another Presidential incident relates to President Arthur. On the death of President Garfield, Mr. Arthur succeeded to the office. He was a Churchman. One of my vestrymen asked me to go with him and call on the President, with whom he was well acquainted. He knew that the President, if he had his own way, would attend at my parish church of the Epiphany, yet very strong pressure was used to take him elsewhere; and that if I would go and give a personal earnest request and invitation, he was almost sure that would secure him. After a moment or two of thought, I said, "I cannot do it. Tell me of some poor man, or plain man who needs my urging to bring him to church, and I will gladly go to him. But I will not solicit a rich man, or one high in position to patronize the Church by his presence."

Some weeks later, walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, I met the President. He

stopped and said he wanted to walk a little way with me; and as we walked he said, "I heard of your declining to call on me, and of the reason you gave for it. And I am glad you took that position. It was right, and I honor you for it. My personal preferences would take me to Epiphany Church; but very strong influences, and the pressure of long tradition, seem to say that the President, if a Churchman, should go to St. John's where there is a state pew set apart for him. But if you cannot come to see me for that particular purpose, do come and see me as a friend."

I recall also a meeting (after I had become Bishop of Maryland) with President Cleveland at the beginning of his second term. There was much anxiety at the time about what was known as the Chinese Exclusion Act. It was very severe indeed in its terms, and in the method of its enforcement. The Chinese Government was threatening severe measures in retaliation; and at a meeting of the House of Bishops when it was felt that our missionary operations, and our clergy, and colleges and hos-

pitals, and other property in China were endangered, action was taken to ask of the President his protection for our interests. A commission of five bishops was appointed to secure an interview; and since Washington was in my Diocese, I was made the chairman. The interview was appointed, and the night before it, the five bishops met to study the matter. We took a printed copy of the Act, and marked all the objectionable features, with our suggestions for a change; and they requested me to be the spokesman.

The next day passing through a crowd of office-seekers, all claiming promised interviews, we were taken into the President's library where he, and the Secretary of State, soon appeared. I introduced the other bishops, and began to speak about our purpose. But the President stopped me saying, "Do not begin business so quickly; let us talk about something else. Yours are the first faces I have seen for days that were not those of hungry office-seekers."

But it was not easy to talk at the word of command, and there was a short silence, till the President asked, "Do any of you

fish?" I answered that I was a fisherman, and two or three fishing stories were exchanged between him and myself.

This opened the way pleasantly for our business. I said that though bishops, we had come to him as citizens, feeling that all citizens had a right to seek the President's protection for their interests when endangered in foreign lands, and that interests very dear to us were so endangered by reason of the Chinese Exclusion Bill. Granting our right to seek his help, he said that he was ashamed to say it, but that he knew very little about that Bill, his time having been so occupied of late by election campaign matters. "But tell me about it," he said. I read and explained the points from our marked paper, and then from the instructions of the Secretary of the Treasury; "Not yours, Mr. President, but your predecessor's." After hearing them, and asking many questions, he said, "They do seem needlessly severe, but I do not see how I can help you. I did not make that law; I cannot change it. I am only an executive officer whose sworn duty it is to do all I can to

see that the laws of the country are enforced. Yet you may have a remedy. The constitutionality of this law has been questioned, and the Supreme Court will in a few weeks decide that point. If they say it is not constitutional you have what you ask. If not, I must see that the law is enforced."

"But, Mr. President," I said, "there are two ways of enforcing such a law." "No, no!" he said. "Only one straightforward honest action." "I beg your pardon," I answered, "such a law could be enforced either with the utmost possible severity, or with the utmost possible gentleness."

He said that there might be such a distinction, and then put out his hand to dismiss us. But instead of taking it, I said, "Mr. President, we were hoping that we might have some assurance from you."

"What assurance could I give?"

"We hoped for your promise that if you had to enforce the law, it should be with the utmost possible gentleness."

He seemed to grow angry, and said, "Do you know that you are making a very strange demand?"

"Not a demand," I answered, "but only the expression of a hope." Presently the smile came back, and again he put out his hand saying, "Well, I promise. If I have to enforce that law, it shall be with the utmost possible gentleness."

Two weeks later the Supreme Court declared that the law was constitutional. Soon after that an official notice was published cancelling the former Secretary's very severe instructions, and issuing new ones in which every change we asked had been made. And a little later an informal notice appeared that the President was not able to enforce the law very strictly, since it would require an expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars for which Congress had made no appropriation.[6]

[6] An interesting incident concerning one of the Vice-presidents was often told by Bishop Paret. At the Centennial of the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Capitol in Washington in September, 1893, Bishop Paret was to have the opening prayer at the exercises at the Capitol, and Vice-president Stevenson one of the principal addresses. The exercises were held on a grand-stand in front of the Capitol, and a strong wind was blowing at the time. In a short conversation with the Vice-president, Bishop Paret said that he feared the Vice-president's speech would not be heard by many of the people as the wind was in the wrong direction. "That is where you

Again, during the Administration of President McKinley, the House of Bishops appointed a commission to see the President and try to secure better arrangements for insuring efficiency and helpfulness in the service of the chaplains in the Army and Navy, and especially those who were of our own Church. And once more I was made the chairman. Telling him of our purpose, I said we felt that most of the chaplains were unhelpful and often unworthy men; that the office was almost always given through political influence of senators, or others, without regard to real fitness for the work; and for the good of the soldiers and sailors, and for the credit and influence of the Church, we wished to suggest a way for improvement. We asked that hereafter no clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church should have such appointment without an assurance from his own bishop that he would be a worthy and useful man.

"Impossible! Impossible!" exclaimed

have the advantage of me," returned the Vice-president. "In what way?" asked the Bishop. "Because He to Whom you speak always hears."

the President. "Why our chaplains are from all denominations, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and others, who have no bishops; and we must treat all alike."

We continued our argument, and there was a long debate. At last I asked him who were the best chaplains in the service. He said they were Roman Catholics, and I knew that would be his answer.

"But, Mr. President, do you ever appoint a Roman Catholic chaplain except upon the request and assurance of his bishop?"

He dodged the question, and began to talk about something else. A second time I asked it, and a second time he evaded it. I asked it a third time, and then he answered, "You know they have their own peculiar methods of watchfulness and influence with us." "Yes," I replied, "but you said you must treat all alike. Give us the same privileges you give to them, and wait before appointing any of our clergy until you hear from his bishop." After a little more demurring he yielded, and gave the orders; and during his Administration they were obeyed. I, as Bishop of Maryland, received

four requests for such information. Of three I answered unfavorably. One had my approval, and he only was appointed. But I fear the rule was afterwards forgotten.

In connection with Epiphany Church there are some very pleasant memories about money matters. I have never been a money-raiser, nor in the habit of making any personal appeals for gifts for the Church. I only, when need came, stated the case in a plain business-like way, in church, or in printed appeals, and left it to the consciences of others to determine their action. And the results were good. For instance, the Epiphany Church Home was in debt. I mentioned the fact at one of the Church services, and stated my hope that some way might be found for meeting it. The next week a generous Churchwoman called on me and asked what the amount of the debt was. I told her, I think, about $2,500. She wanted to know exactly, and after study I named the exact sum. She turned to the desk, drew her check for that amount, and asked me to see that the debt was cancelled at once.

I needed money to sustain the work of the Men's Meeting at the Epiphany Mission. I mentioned at a Sunday morning service our responsibility for that needy part of the parish, and told how we were trying to meet it. I added that the actual labor and service was to be done by women alone, but it would cost $1,000 a year to maintain it, and I thought the men should provide that. I said I would not have a collection in church, nor send out a subscription list, but that I left the responsibility with them. If within the next two weeks that amount should be sent to me, I would know that the parishioners approved and would sustain the work. If not, it would be abandoned. Within ten days I received fully $1,200.

I might give many more interesting incidents. I will only add that while Washington as a city of political life, and of much wealth has been thought by some to be especially worldly, I have never known a place where the Lord's Day was better observed, and where attendance at church was so general and constant, and especially on the part of the men. I have heard, also, the insinu-

ation, that the ladies in Washington were given up to the ways of fashionable society; the round of calls and receptions. My experience did not prove it so. True, some whose husbands held official positions were bound for their sakes to the fulfilment of many social duties. But I have never known women more earnest as Christians, or more ready and helpful to aid me in the work among the poor, the sick, the ignorant and neglected, than the helpers I found among the wives and daughters of senators, cabinet officers, and judges.

It was during the time of my rectorship in Washington that I was able to take my first voyage to Europe. Taking with me my youngest son, I sailed in the year 1881. There is no need to tell the general incidents of the three months' travel. They were only the repetition of the usual experiences of tourists. But there was one part that does call for record. I had, some years before, found among papers left by my father, several letters from his grandmother, my great grandmother, written from the old family home in France to her son in New York, my

grandfather. They were dated about the year 1765, and were very quaint and interesting with their details of simple home life, and neighborhood affairs. By the help of these letters I had been able to locate the old family home. It was in the Commune of Latour, not a town or village, but made up of farms; near the village of Tricolet in the Department of Corréze, in that part of Southern France known as Auvergne.

One of the plans of my journey was to visit that place. It was far off the beaten track of railroads, the nearest town of any size, Brive, being some sixteen miles distant. We drove there from Brive early on Sunday morning; choosing that day that I might be sure of meeting the priest of the Roman Church.

The parish church of St. Eutrope, was at Tricolet, about seven miles from Latour. I was sorry that we reached it too late for the service. It was a rude building of early irregular Norman architecture, built in the thirteenth century. I was able, a little later, to find the priest at his house, and had an hour of very pleasant and helpful con-

versation. He told me that the family place had been under the Paret ownership for some 200 years; that the present occupant was Barthélemy Paret, a man of over eighty years, and that, as he had no sons, the property would at his death, lose the family name. At the close of our conversation he said, laughing, that I must take an interpreter with me. I thought, at first, that he meant a little criticism of my imperfect French. But he explained by saying that the old gentleman did not speak French, nor understand it; that he was one of a few of nearly the same age who prided themselves on keeping the old patois, the Provençal language called Langue d' Oc. Taking a young man as interpreter, we found the old gentleman living alone in his comfortable stone house with its stone floors. His two married daughters, living very near and on the same property, kept his house in order and provided for him. Learning from our interpreter who I was, he sent for those daughters and their families, for a relative from America was something remarkable in their lives. It being Sunday they were all

free, and the daughters, their husbands and their children soon appeared. For nearly two hours the conversation went on through three languages; I first telling, in English to my son, what I was going to say; then repeating it in French, and our interpreter repeated it in their rough dialect. The answers filtered back in the same way. Barthélemy Paret proved to be second or third cousin to my father. He remembered the family stories about my grandfather and his going to America, and told me many things of interest about his earlier days, and their life and ways.

When I rose to depart he said that I could not go until we had eaten bread and drunk wine together. The bread, he said, was from wheat grown on their own farm, and the wine from their own vines; and he thought they had one of the best wine farms in France. This being ended, he came to me to say farewell with the kiss in the French manner, he kissing me on each cheek, and receiving my two kisses in return. His two sons-in-law followed doing the same, and passing from me to my son. Then the two

daughters; then the children. I think there were eighteen girls and four boys. All was in absolute silence, as solemn as a funeral procession. After we were out of the house, we counted up the kisses; the old man, the sons-in-law, and daughters, the twenty-two children, twenty-seven in all. Four times twenty-seven would be one hundred and eight kisses to each of us; two hundred and sixteen in all.

AS BISHOP OF MARYLAND

CHAPTER VIII

AS BISHOP OF MARYLAND

In my work in Epiphany Parish, I felt that I was in a position of usefulness and influence, and I had no desire to leave it. But in the fall of 1884 there came a demand to which I was compelled to yield. In October of that year, at a special Convention held at St. Peter's Church in Baltimore, after protracted balloting lasting for some three days, I was elected to be the sixth Bishop of Maryland. It was an utter surprise. I had not sought it, and I can most truly say I did not desire it. But the diocese had been without a bishop for two or more years, and Convention after Convention had been unable to complete an election. And these facts seemed to make the call imperative.

There were some things of interest in that election. Up to that time the Church in

Maryland had been sadly disturbed by the strifes then prevailing between what were known as the high Churchmen and the low Churchmen. In preparation for that Convention, one of the two parties, the one which was much the stronger, held a caucus, in which they agreed upon certain points; namely, that the one elected must be a southern man, born south of Mason and Dixon's line; that he must be not over forty-five years of age; that he must be a low Churchman; and that he must not be one now in the diocese, for, if so, and if he were a man of any force, he would not be able to heal the divisions because he must have taken part in some of the vexed questions and debates. But when the election was completed all these caucus agreements were broken. The one they chose was a northern man, born and brought up in New York; was fifty-nine years old, instead of only forty-five; was not a low Churchman, but an old-fashioned conservative high Churchman; was already in the diocese, and for eight years had taken active part in all the debates.

Another incident may be of interest. The

ladies of Epiphany Parish, of which I was rector, had provided for me, from Europe, a very full outfit of Episcopal robes and necessities, and had presented them with the request that I would wear them at my Consecration, to which I agreed. But soon after came a letter from the family of Bishop Whittingham, a former Bishop of Maryland, saying that they still had one set of his robes, and they wanted to present them to me with the understanding that I would wear them at my Consecration. And they enforced their request by saying that they knew I was that Bishop's choice for the succession, he having once said that it was his wish and prayer that I might some day be Bishop of Maryland. I did not wear the grand new English robes at my Consecration,[7] but, thinking of Elijah and Elisha and their mantle, I wore the very old-fashioned and much worn robes of Bishop Whittingham.

The long vacancy in the Bishop's Office had left room for many irregularities; and my first years as Bishop gave me much to

[7] January, 1885.

do in "setting in order the things that were wanting." But, northerner though I was by birth, the good southern people received me lovingly, and readily conformed to my wishes.

I remember well my first round of visitations in the southern counties, Anne Arundel, Calvert, Prince George's, St. Mary's and Charles. It was in July, 1885. Through almost all those parts there were no railroads, and my two weeks' continuous travel was by buggy, zizgagging from church to church. It was still so near the Civil War times that the war feelings had not all died. To make my first visit to one of the churches in Charles County, I had taken an early morning drive of some twenty miles, and getting out on the green before the church, I stood beside a pleasant looking country gentleman, who, of course, did not recognize me. My immediate predecessor, Bishop Pinkney, was a man of very venerable appearance with long gray hair and gray beard; and, I, unfortunately, had then not a gray hair on my head.

The good man said to me, "I thought

our Yankee Bishop was coming over."

I knew how he felt, as a warm southerner, and I said, "He did come." He said, "I do not see him. Where is he?" When I replied that I was the Bishop, putting his hands on my shoulders, he gave me a very vigorous shove, and said, "See here, young man, stop your fooling!"

I had asked the vestry to meet me after the service, and they did so; only one was lacking, and that was the good man on the green. But we soon became warm friends.

At another parish in that neighborhood, where there had been a long vacancy, the warden, speaking for the vestry, asked me to appoint and send a rector to them. "But," said he, "there is one thing you ought to know. Every man in this parish is a Democrat, and in war time every man was a Confederate. You must not send us any Republican, or any northern man."

"Why not?" I asked. "I do not choose ministers in that way."

"It would split the parish in pieces. There would not be a man in church in a month; not a woman after two weeks."

To all his constant urging I refused, saying that they must choose their own minister, that I would not. Some fifteen months after, on my next visitation, the same warden said, "Bishop, I wish you would say a word or two to our minister."

"What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him the War is over. He has been here a year, and has not preached a single sermon without a war story in it. Say something to him."

"No," I said, "you called him here on Democratic principles. You must do your own talking."

At my next visitation, the warden said, "Well, Bishop, our minister has gone, and we want a new one, and we want the Bishop to choose him, but *not* on Democratic principles."

I grew to love the people of those Southern Maryland Counties very greatly, and I think they grew to love me; and my almost yearly visitations for twenty-five years, made me much at home in their houses and in their lives. It was not the life of cities and towns. There were no cities or large towns in that

region. It was the quiet rural life, the continuation of what had been, before the War, the old plantation life. It was pleasant to find among them man after man, who had, and whose conversation and manners showed it, full college training: men from Yale and Harvard and Princeton, and the University of Virginia. And among the women, the hours at the table showed that they had received the advantages of the best schools in the country.

But from the long interregnum in the Episcopate, there had grown an irregularity and seeming carelessness about the churches and the services. The parson, living often on the "Glebe" of 50 or 100, or 150 acres, and getting much of his support from that, was obliged to be often both farmer and parson in one, and the farmer's duties interfered with those of the parson. Many of them held only one service on Sunday, and, except on great days, no week day services at all. It was thought too much for the people to take too often the long drives to church that were necessary, and if a rainy Sunday came often neither parson, nor people thought it

necessary to open the church at all. I remember one occasion when having an appointment at one of the churches in the fields, the day appointed proved quite stormy. I had spent the night before with the rector of an adjoining parish, and when I said it was time to start he expressed his surprise at my thinking of it, saying I would find no one at all at the church. I insisted, but his words proved true. We arrived only some ten minutes before the hour appointed. There was no sign of life, and the church doors were locked. We waited until a few moments after the hour, then drove around the church, leaving our tracks in the light snow which had fallen, and after tacking my card on the door, we went away.

There were several like instances. I was to visit and confirm at one of the oystermen's chapels on the Chesapeake. The night before I had spent with one of the oystermen near a like chapel some twelve miles distant. The morning brought a heavy drenching rain and violent wind. My good host protested that I ought not to go (by sail-boat) in such weather, but I went. We arrived at

the place at the time when it had been agreed that someone was to meet me on a point of land about a mile from the chapel. There was no one there, and it was raining hard. Sending back those who had brought me, I made my way to the chapel, picking up a boy on the way. The doors were locked. I sent the lad for the keys, and he and I made the fire and rang the bell. We began the service half an hour late, and with some fifteen in the congregation who apologized, saying that nobody dreamed I would venture out in such a storm.

The isolated position of those churches in the fields made another difficulty. Asking one rector, whose parish covered nearly 200 square miles, what Sunday School he had, he answered that he had none. The farming people living at a distance had their home and farm duties, and could not come an hour and a half before the service to bring their children; neither could they wait so long after the morning service. So he had given up thought of Sunday School. I protested that if I were in his place I would find a way. If I could not have one Sunday School at the

church as the central point, I would have four or five neighborhood schools, and so reach all. I would find some earnest communicant, man or woman, who besides his, or her, own children, would gather at the house a few children on Sunday afternoons, teaching them after my advice and direction, with an occasional visit from myself. After full study together he followed my advice, and two years later he was able to tell me that he had five Sunday Schools with seventy scholars. I urged these neighborhood Sunday Schools also in some others of the large rural parishes, and always with excellent results.

I might give many amusing incidents of my life and work as Bishop, but a few must suffice. Some of them I have told so often that they will seem old stories; and in recording some of them now I will not attempt to give them in order of time and occurrence. I tell them only as they come to my remembrance.

Among memories of pleasant hospitalities, there is one experience which has often appeared in print, but distorted and incorrect.

I think of a visit in one of the good old family residences in Southern Maryland, where the sad results of the war had made it impossible to keep up all its former state. As I came down early in the morning, my kind hostess asked what I would like for breakfast; and I said that my memories of my supper were so pleasant, that I was sure anything she offered would be delightful. But she insisted, and I suggested boiled eggs, moderately soft-boiled about four minutes. But she had told me the day before that they had neither clock nor watch in the house, but could tell the time of day very closely by looking at the sun, or sky. So I proposed to go to the kitchen with her and mark the four minutes. But she said, "I do not boil them that way. Perhaps you have noticed that I sing a great deal. I always sing when I am at work, whatever the work may be. And I have noticed that when I am boiling eggs, if I take my favorite hymn, 'Just as I am,' and sing it all but one verse, the eggs will be very soft. If I sing it all and one verse over, they will be quite hard. I think I will give you about the whole hymn."

I asked permission to go with her and see. When the water came to boiling, she put in the eggs, folded her hands, and looking up sang the hymn somewhat slowly; and the eggs were done to perfection. But alas! a few hours later, at the service in the church, the first hymn sung was that same "Just as I am," and my thoughts were somewhat mixed.

On a visitation in St. Mary's County, after the morning service, a lunch was enjoyed under the grand oak trees in the churchyard. As it drew near the close, a bright looking middle-aged colored man asked to speak to me. He said, "Bishop, I heard your sermon this morning; a mighty good sermon; it did me a heap of good." And in answer to my question he told me the text, and gave a fair idea of the substance of what I said. He added, "I heard your sermon yesterday." "But I was twenty miles away." "I was there," he said, "and that was a grand good sermon." And again he gave me the text correctly. "Bishop, I heard your sermon the day before." "But I was thirty miles away!" "I was there," he said, "I've been

following you up"; and again he gave the text correctly. "Now, Bishop," he said, "them are what I call stayin' sermons. That kind of a sermon stays with a man; it sticks to him, he can't shake it off; he can't get rid of it." After a pause he continued, "Bishop, I'm a preacher, too."

"Are you? What kind of a preacher?"

"I'm a Methodist preacher, but I can't preach that kind of sermon. I preach what they call rousin' sermons. I do wish I could preach some stayin' sermons. Now, see here, Bishop, you've preached them three sermons. You won't want them no more. If you'll only give them to me I'll give you a quarter apiece for them."

It may be well here to say something of the Church work among the Negroes. I was, from the beginning of my Episcopate, greatly interested in it. I felt the great need and my responsibility; and I soon found, also, the very great difficulties. Yet, with many disappointments, the work grew slowly, and I found among them some very earnest and devout souls.

My relations with members of the Roman Church, including Cardinal Gibbons, have been quite pleasant. On one of my visitations, talking with one of their priests, he reminded me that in old times in Maryland it was the custom to speak of the two Churches as the "Roman Catholic, and the Protestant Catholic." The Cardinal and I often met and took part together on many public, or charitable occasions, and sometimes in social gatherings, and our differing views never marred the pleasantness of our intercourse.

I will allude briefly to another incident, which has become somewhat historical.[8] The Legislature of Maryland had determined to erect a monument over the grave of Leonard Calvert. That grave was in the consecrated churchyard of our parish at St. Mary's City, and my consent was necessary. I cheerfully gave it. The Cardinal was to have had the opening prayers, and I the final prayers and benediction. On his way to the place the Cardinal was taken ill, and he sent a note to me apologizing for, and explaining his absence, and saying that he had ap-

[8] November, 1890.

pointed a certain priest to act for him, and had given him the prayers he had prepared.

There was a very large gathering of people. But the first speaker, a member of the Roman Church, went out of his way to make a bitter attack on the Church of England; and claiming for the Roman Church all the credit for religious liberty and freedom of conscience in the United States, because the charter which secured religious liberty was given to Calvert, a Roman Catholic nobleman of the grandest pattern of Christian character. The next speech was by an eminent lawyer, a member of our own Church; but stirred up by the former speech he retorted with some bitterness. When the time came for me, having secured the promise that those of the Roman Church would unite with us in saying the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, I prefaced the prayers by a very few words; saying I was sorry there should be any disagreement about giving credit for the blessing of religious liberty. I did not think it belonged exclusively to any one Church or denomination. If the Roman Church might rightly claim some

part in it, so could the Quakers of Pennsylvania, and the Baptists in Rhode Island. And it should be remembered that if the Maryland Charter ensuring such liberty was given *to* a Roman Catholic nobleman, it was given *by* an Anglo-Catholic king. And granting all that might be said about the noble Christian character of Calvert, it should be remembered that that character was formed in the Church of England, where he was baptized, taught and confirmed.

THE DIVISION OF THE DIOCESE

CHAPTER IX

THE DIVISION OF THE DIOCESE

The time came when the Diocese of Maryland had grown too large for the labors of one bishop, and I asked for a division which would make the important City of Washington a Bishop's See. But I made it a condition that each of the two Dioceses should raise $50,000, as an endowment to avoid burdening the parishes with taxation. Washington promptly did its part, but Baltimore did not. The Committee appointed, at first very sanguine of success, at last reported to me that they could raise only $20,000; and as the only hope, they asked that at a certain business office I would meet twenty or thirty of the leading Churchmen and try to urge them. I named Thursday, at 2 P. M.[9] On Tuesday I sat in my office, somewhat despondent, and feeling that I was going to de-

[9] March, 1895.

feat, when, most unexpectedly, I heard that by the death of Eversfield F. Keerl, which had occurred that day, the sum of $90,000, held in trust by a firm of New York bankers, would fall unconditionally to the Diocese of Maryland.

The burial was to be on Thursday at two o'clock, the hour I had named for meeting the laymen. But not waiting for that, I telegraphed for information to the New York bankers, saying that an answer was imperatively needed before noon of Thursday. At noon on Thursday, no answer as yet. At one, no answer. At one-thirty, no answer. At two o'clock a message, "We hold in trust for the Diocese of Maryland, at par values $97,500." Taking that and the extract from the will I had secured, I had just time to meet my appointment with the laymen; a coincidence of time to the minute. Asking them to speak first, one of the bankers told me of the panic which made people slow to give money. Another talked about their disapproval of endowments. Then I said something like this: "Well, gentlemen, this is the only instance in which there seems to

be a disagreement between the laymen and myself. It shall not make any trouble. If you will not yield to me, I will cheerfully yield to you. But last week there were only two parties to this question. Now a third one has come in. That one is God. You do not believe in endowments; He does. You say it is impossible to raise it. Things impossible to men are possible with God; and He has provided it. I showed the two papers, the extract from the Will, and the bankers' telegram, and they agreed that the Diocese should be divided.

Then came another wonderful coincidence. The New York bankers wrote me a few days later that the market value of the fund was $101,000. And out of this my legal advisers estimated there would be about $5,000 for commissions and other expenses. At my meeting with the laymen one of them showed that instead of $50,000, we would need $64,000 to make up for our loss in annual income by the going off of the new Diocese. Now at our next Convention, it was voted that we would give to the New Diocese one-third of all our invested funds up to the time of its

full establishment. From $101,000, take $5,000, and we have $96,000, of which one-third would go to Washington and two-thirds remain with us. And two-thirds of $96,000 would be $64,000, the exact amount we needed. These coincidences, in time, to the minute, and in money to the dollar, are so wonderful that it would be hard to doubt that it was God's will that the Diocese should be divided.

THE DIVISION OF THE DIOCESE

(Continued)

CHAPTER X

THE DIOCESE OF MARYLAND, CONTINUED.

I have found it impossible, in writing these reminiscences, to keep to anything like chronological order, and I must ignore without notice all rules, some matters not yet fully touched upon. I have alluded too briefly to some things connected with the division of the Diocese. When I was consecrated as Bishop, January 6, 1853, the Diocese of Maryland included both all of Maryland west of the Chesapeake Bay, and also the District of Columbia, including the City of Washington. It had 32 clergymen, 33 fully organized parishes or congregations, and 41 churches and chapels.

Although the Canons do not require that the Bishop should visit all churches more than once in three years, yet the very large increase in the Diocese seemed to call for something more, and I began by making a

complete round of the Diocese every year. For many years, being then in full bodily strength, I was able to do this, and I found it a pleasure. It brought me into closer relations with all the parishes and their people, and quickened my own interest, and helped me to develop plans for work. The Church life quickly responded to my efforts. The numbers confirmed were large; the number of communicants grew steadily. In 1885 there were reported 22,104 communicants; in 1894 the number was 29,918.

A full visitation of the Diocese required that the Bishop should be absent from his home for nearly three-fourths of the time; so that there was scant opportunity for study and deliberate thought. Besides, with each year added to my age my bodily strength became less, and I was convinced that the measure of work with which I began could not much longer be maintained. Two ways of solving the problem presented themselves to me. One was the lessening of my visitations; making them once in two years. I sent out a letter of inquiry to the clergy in the rural parishes, suggesting that change,

and asking their advice and wishes; whether they counted an annual visitation a necessity; whether my coming less frequently would harm their work and make the numbers confirmed smaller. From more than half the answer was that while the Bishop's visit was a pleasure and a stimulus to clergy and people, they would not really suffer by having him come once in two years. And yet quite a number seemed to think the more frequent visitations would be much more helpful.

I turned then to the other plan, the division of the Diocese. But before making any decision of my own, I again tried to find the judgment and wish of the Diocese at large. The general impression was in favor of division, if the money problem could be met (in the support of two bishops and two full working organizations instead of one). Besides, it was felt that the City of Washington, large in itself and important as the Capital of the Nation ought to have its own resident bishop. Several years passed after the first suggestion before it took shape in a definite proposal in my address to the Dio-

cesan Convention. There was some slight opposition, but after very full discussion it was determined by an almost unanimous vote, that a division should be made.

But on what lines? Some of the clergy and people of Washington wanted that that City, by itself alone, should form the Diocese. But the feeling was strong that both for its own sake and larger life, and for the help of the weaker country parts, it should have some work and sympathy for those beyond. Others proposed the Patuxent River as the dividing line, but the final agreement was to give to the new Diocese, just the territory included in what had been known as the Convocation of Washington.

One of the very pleasant things in this division was the loving spirit shown throughout, and especially in the resolution unanimously passed, that we should give to the new Diocese, which took less than one-third of the territory, one-third of all our invested funds up to the day of the organization of that Diocese. It was an act of loving liberality never equaled, before or since, in any such separation. The mother Diocese sent

out its daughter, not weak, but richly endowed; having, with its own contributions, an endowment for its Episcopal fund much larger than that of the mother Diocese.

THE CHURCH'S WORK FOR THE MASSES

CHAPTER XI

THE CHURCH'S WORK FOR THE MASSES

Among the noteworthy things, during my many years of work in the holy ministry, were the practical proofs in refutation of a popular charge against us, that the Church is for the more intelligent and refined, and not for what are called the masses and the poor. A few instances out of many may be given.

The village of Alberton, about an hour's ride by railroad out of Baltimore, is strictly a manufacturing village. All the property of every kind, is owned by the proprietors of the cotton mills. Nearly all the inhabitants are either laborers or officers in the mills. Thinking that among them there must be many English families, I tried to make some provision for their spiritual needs. I sent a young man whose enthusiasm soon found a way to their hearts. Many children and some adults were baptized, and a helpful Sunday School was established in a room of

the factory buildings. After a year of such work, the two chief proprietors, father and son, neither of whom I had ever met, called on me with a proposal. They said that they felt their responsibility for the welfare of their laborers, and they included in that their spiritual welfare. To help to that they had, several years before, built a good church which had been used by different Christian bodies. "But now we propose, if we can agree as to the conditions, to build a good stone church, with a Sunday School room, to furnish it, to heat and light it from our factories, and to put it, without any charge whatever, under your care."

The conditions were favorable and accepted. The church was built, and now for many years a minister of the Church has been in residence and doing pastoral work.

A second instance. Hampden, another suburb of Baltimore, is occupied almost entirely by the people of the large foundries, and of the cotton mills. A new rector had just gone to take charge of St. Mary's Church and soon became acquainted with the head of the foundry works, a generous

man, and an ardent Methodist. This gentleman, however, was skeptical as to the Church's ability to work successfully among the laboring classes, and for sometime held aloof. But after a year had passed, the positive and kindly work of the rector proved successful. The church, of stone, seating about 300, was soon filled to overflowing; and the head of the works asked the rector to call again. He said, "Perhaps I was mistaken in what I said before to discourage you. They tell me you are reaching our people, that your church is always full and not large enough; and that you need and want a larger one. How large do you want it?" The answer was, "A church to seat a thousand."

"Can that church be enlarged?"

The clergyman said he was himself a practical architect, and it could be enlarged at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars.

"If I give you ten thousand, can you raise the rest?"

The clergyman said he could; the money was given and the church enlarged to hold one thousand.

THE MARYLAND THEOLOGICAL CLASS

CHAPTER XII

THE MARYLAND THEOLOGICAL CLASS

One of the happinesses of my Episcopate I found in my "Maryland Class of Theology." I had become dissatisfied with the influences of the theological seminaries. If I sent students to the General Seminary in New York, and any of them proved really good, they were stolen from me by some of the New York churches which could offer them things more attractive than they could find in Maryland. Or if they came back to me, I found they had become used to ways and associations of city life and work, and were not fitted for the harder and heavier work needed in our country parishes. And remembering the great advantages to myself, as a student, in the close association with my own Bishop De Lancey, I determined that I must have for my candidates Maryland men, trained in Maryland, and for Maryland, and

under my own personal influence and watchfulness. Some six well qualified clergymen of the Diocese promised and gave me their help. We began with eight or nine young men. The place for lectures was in my residence, or the Library adjoining. And I was more than satisfied with the results.[10] The small number of students permitted each to be brought into closer touch with the instructors.

During the few years for which I was able to continue the School it prepared about twenty young men for their holy duties. With perhaps only two exceptions, all proved eminently useful, and two or three of them went on to reach remarkable scholarship. But when the Diocese of Washington was set off from Maryland, it took not only one-half or more of the money which I was able to use for the School, but more than half of my supply of young men; and I was most reluctantly compelled to close the work.

[10] Bishop Paret's motto to the members of his Theological Class in regard to preaching was: "First,—be sure you have something to say. Second, be sure you know how to say it. Third, say it. Fourth, stop!"

Needing a teacher in Hebrew for my class, Rabbi Szold, one of the oldest and most respected of the Rabbis, offered himself. I protested that he was too eminent a man, and I had so little money to offer that I was sure he would not accept it. He answered that he did not want, and would not take, a dollar. He was "Rabbi emeritus;" laid on the shelf, because of age, and with nothing to do, and meeting with some young bright minds two or three times a week would be a help and pleasure to him. At his request I was present at some of his lessons. At the first he asked where he should begin, and I said I supposed with the Alphabet and the Grammar. But he said, "No, begin with something from the Bible." We took the 23rd Psalm. Opening the books for the young men, I offered the book to him, but he said that he did not need it. And from memory he went through it, teaching the Alphabet as he went,—giving every letter and every vowel point. Then he did it again, and gave a beautiful (Jewish) exposition.

At the next lesson, again he asked me to

name the passage, and I suggested the 9th Chapter of Genesis, and offered him the book. But he said he did not need it; and as accurately as before, he repeated twenty verses, word by word, and letter by letter.

At the third lesson, I named one of the very dry chapters in the Book of Chronicles; and again he declined to take a book. When that lesson was ended, I asked,—"Rabbi, how much of that Old Testament do you know in this way?" Pointing to his head, he said, "From the first verse of Genesis, to the last of Malachi, it is all there." And as I said it was almost incredible, he told me to try him; to open the book anywhere, and read two or three verses. I opened at random, somewhere in the Book of Kings, and when I stopped reading, he took it up and went on without a mistake. The trial was made four times and he never faltered. He said, "It is not so wonderful; I am more than 80 years old,—and that Book has been the Book and the work of all my life." When all his teaching was ended, I offered him $200, but he absolutely refused to take it; and all I could do was to get from England

three or four rare volumes which he prized.

The money for the expenses of my Theological Class came in one of the remarkable ways which I must call Providential. The widow of a clergyman of Washington had asked my help in selling her husband's library. It was a large and a very valuable one; but she wanted to keep it together, and not break it up by sale at auction. She would gladly let it go for $500. I told her that King Hall, our school for training colored men for the Ministry, had no library, and it would be very useful there; and I thought that for that use I might raise the money.

Now among my own former parishioners in the Church of the Epiphany, there was a lady, a very earnest Christian, very rich and very generous. And she had told me to call on her for help when there was anything important. This, however, was the first, and only occasion of my doing so. I wrote to her, stating the case, and my hope that she might be able and willing to make the gift. But the very next day there appeared in my study three clergymen, warm friends of the

Theological Seminary near Alexandria, who protested that I was interfering with their efforts; that the son of the deceased clergyman had offered the library to them for $500, and they had raised half that amount, and they learned that I was now trying to get the books. I explained my position and my action, said I would not interfere with them, that I preferred that the library should go to Virginia, especially as its theological tone was such as Virginia much needed. I added my own subscription to their list, and telegraphed my friend in Washington, that I withdrew my request and would write in explanation.

The next day came a letter from that friend, enclosing a check for $500, and saying she was just signing it when my message arrived, and she would not take it back. I must keep it, if not for the use I had named, then for my own work in theological education, or for anything else I thought important; and, if she lived, she would repeat it on the first day of September for five years. After the five years, she passed me in her carriage as I was walking, and asked me to

ride with her. I thanked her for what she had done in those five years, and told her how many men it had helped into the Ministry.

"Yes," she said, "the five years are ended, but my life still lasts, and my prosperity, and so long as God continues them, you shall have that money every year." She lived some four years longer. And her generous help it was, that enabled me to keep up the Maryland Class in Theology.

AT THE LAMBETH CONFERENCES

AT THE LAMBETH CONFERENCES

CHAPTER XIII

AT THE LAMBETH CONFERENCES

As Bishop of Maryland, I attended two sessions of the Lambeth Conference, held at the Palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury; all the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, English, Colonial, Missionary, Scotch, Irish, American, having right to attend. The first time was in the year 1888,—Archbishop Benson, presiding. The session lasted almost through the whole month of July, and brought me into very near and pleasant relations with many of the English Bishops. There were some incidents worth recording. At the session of 1888, I was one of the two who had been appointed sometime before to make one of the opening speeches in the full meeting, on the subject of Divorce. The hour had been named to me as on the morning of July 2nd. But when the time came, there were some serious matters occupying

attention, and the Archbishop asked me to wait till afternoon. The appointed afternoon hour came, and my address was again postponed. On the third day of the month, again I was told to wait until the next day. On that day, at about 3 P. M. the Archbishop called for my address. I went forward, not to make it, but to offer a protest. I said that if my address was worth making, it was worth hearing, and at that very late hour, after the usual time of adjournment, I saw that there were not more than one-third of the English Bishops present, and of the American Bishops only two. I asked, therefore, that I might be permitted to make my address on the morning of the next day, July 5th, to a fuller house.

The Archbishop and his Assessors (the other Archbishops and Metropolitans) put their heads together, and the Archbishop said he could not grant my request, I must speak then. I was about to decline to speak at all, when Bishop Seymour of Springfield arose, and walking forward in his usual bold manner, said, "Your Grace, the Bishop of Maryland has said there are only two Amer-

ican Bishops present. In another minute, there will be only one, that is himself. You, sir, as an Englishman, have perhaps forgotten what we as Americans love to remember, that this fourth day of July is the birthday of our national freedom and independence; and we count it our duty to go to-day and pay our respects to the United States Minister who represents our Nation in this country. Good day, Sir."

And out he went. It was somewhat as if a thunderbolt had fallen. The Archbishop started, recovered himself, smiled, and said, "I cannot resist that appeal. The Bishop of Maryland may speak to-morrow morning."

An occasional sparkle of wit sometimes enlivened an otherwise dull morning. The Bishop of Haiti sent word that he could not be present because a great fire had swept his city, destroyed nearly all the churches and the church property, including his own house, all his manuscripts and his library. In the sympathy which was at once expressed, one of the English Bishops proposed that as a beginning of a new library, each bishop should give a book; and he

would see that all such gifts should reach the Bishop of Haiti, without any expense to him.

Another Bishop opposed it, saying he knew what the Bishop's new library would be; five or six copies of Horne's "Introduction," as many of "Pearson on the Creed," and of "Paley's Evidences" and the like; books of which the giver would gladly get rid. "No," he said, "instead of a book, let each send him a pound."

"I agree," said the original proposer. "It is only the change of a letter. Instead of Da librum, it is Da libram."

At one of the Lambeth Conferences, my wife had accompanied me to London, under peculiar circumstances. Her brother had been killed, a little while before, in an elevator accident. She was in deep sorrow, much broken, and the physicians insisted, as the best hope that she should take the voyage with me. But she consented only on the condition that she should not make any social visits or the like, and that to insure it, I would avoid all such for myself.

As the Conference was about ending, the last week in July, the Bishop of Lincoln,

Bishop King, made a special request. He and I, having been nearest in Consecration, sat next to each other through the whole session, and walked side by side in every procession. He said, most kindly, that he had never been for so long a time in close companionship with any English Bishop. We had agreed in our views, in our speeches and in our votes, and he was glad that he knew me so well. "Now, come and make me a good visit. I have just sold the old Bishop's Palace which was inconveniently at some distance from the city; and I have built a new one within the Cathedral grounds. The furniture was moved in only a day or two before my coming to London. I want you to be my very first guest." Gratifying as this invitation was, my promise to my wife compelled me to decline it, even when pressed by more than one repetition.

(I may note here as necessary to the full understanding of the following incident, that I was one of the four or five American Bishops at the Conference who refused to make any change in their usual costume, and declined even to put on the Bishop's apron.)

On our way northward to York, where I had promised to make an address, we were compelled to rest at Lincoln for a day; but I was determined to keep out of sight of the Bishop. The White Hart Inn could not give us rooms, but provided for us in one of the best private dwellings. I went to the three o'clock service at the Cathedral, and as I was going out through the nave, someone asked, "Is not this the Bishop of Maryland?" "Yes," I said, "but how did you know me?" "I am the Chancellor of this Cathedral, I was in London all through July, and we noticed that the same Bishop walked with our Bishop in every procession. He told us it was the Bishop of Maryland; and he has been telling his great disappointment because you were not able to visit him. Come to his room in the Cathedral and see him." But I excused myself and returned to the house. About an hour later, the lady of the house was called to speak to someone. It was the Bishop of Lincoln seeking me. But she assured him there was some mistake; there was no bishop there. He went back to the Inn, and with their reassurance came again to

the house asking for me. Again she declared with great emphasis that there was no bishop there.

"Is there anyone here from the White Hart Inn?"

"Yes."

"A gentleman and two ladies?"

"Yes."

"It is a clergyman?"

"Perhaps so."

"I think it is the Bishop of Maryland."

"Oh, no, my Lord, I assure you it is a mistake."

"Well, it will do no harm; please show him my card."

She came to me smiling, as if having a good joke, and said, "The Lord Bishop of Lincoln is downstairs,—and he thinks that you are the Bishop of Maryland."

"And so I am," I answered.

And with clasped hands, and a look of entreaty, she said, "Oh, my Lord, pray forgive me. You know there is nothing about you that looks like a bishop!"

My wife, overhearing it, said, "Now I hope you will wear an apron."

"No," I answered, "I will not be a tailor-made bishop. If it takes a tailor to make me look like one, I will not look like one, as long as I live. I came over American, I remain American, and I will go back American."

At another time I wanted to see the Cathedral at Chester. Calling first at the Bishop's house, I was told he was not at home. I left a card, and went to the residence of the Dean. He also was out of the city, and I went to the Cathedral. At the entrance the verger met me, and in answer to my request for admittance told me it was impossible,—that no one could be admitted that day. I said that I was from across the ocean, and was a bishop,—and it would be my only opportunity to see the Cathedral. He expressed very politely his regret, but said that his orders were absolute, that work and repairs were going on within, which anyone's presence would interrupt, that he would risk losing his place if he violated his orders. "Why our own Bishop could not get in to-day. No one in England could. The King could not."

So, yielding, I said I wanted the Bishop and the Dean to know that I had been there. I had left cards at their houses, but to make sure, I would leave one with him, and asked him to give it to them. The card had not only my name, but my title also. As soon as he read it, he said, "Are you the Bishop of Maryland? If so, come in. But you are the only man in England who can come in to-day."

In answer to my question, "Why?" he said, "I will show you." And stopping four or five workmen on the way he led me to the north transept of the Cathedral, and pointing to a large bronze tomb, with the life size image of a bishop, he said, "There is the reason. We owe that to the Bishop of Maryland, Bishop Whittingham. That is the tomb of Bishop Pearson who wrote a great book on the Creed. And Bishop Whittingham was so great an admirer of Bishop Pearson and his book, that he raised in America the money for this tomb, and came over here and found the grave where the Bishop had been buried, and had the body removed to this place. And the Bishop

of Maryland can always get into this Cathedral."

Some three years after the Lambeth Conference, I was again in London, and in one of the underground cars found myself sitting opposite and very close to Bishop Temple, then Bishop of London. Calling his attention, I said, "You do not recognize me, but I recognize you." "No," he said,—"my eyesight has so failed that I do not recognize my own brother." I was about to name myself, when he said,—"Don't tell me who you are, I think I recognize your voice." After a little further conversation, he said,—"I think you are a bishop, and were at the last Lambeth Conference. Did you make an address there as appointed on one of the subjects?" I answered "Yes." And after a while he asked, "Was it the question of Divorce?" And when again I said "Yes," he said, "Well, the two speakers were the Bishop of Bombay and the Bishop of Maryland. You are not Bombay, you must be Maryland." Presently we compared our two dioceses. Measuring mine by miles 200x60, he said,—

"What an enormous charge! I have only a part of the whole of London, the strictly legal part."

"But, Bishop Temple, how many clergy have you?"

"About 1,300."

"And I have only 220. Do you personally know all yours?"

"Not a quarter of them."

"But I do know all mine, have been in all their houses, and know their wives and children."

SOME THINGS ACCOMPLISHED

CHAPTER XIV

SOME THINGS ACCOMPLISHED

One of the clergy recently asked what things of special importance had been accomplished during my Episcopate. I turned the question back upon him; and he named, besides the division of the Diocese, first, the bringing back the Diocese to the Prayer Book ideal and rule of the early confirmation of children; second, the higher standard for the studies and examinations of candidates for Holy Orders; third, a higher standard for the support of the clergy, and especially for those who were aged or disabled; fourth, the opening of the Silent Churches; fifth, the Diocesan Libraries; sixth, the work of the Bishop's Hundred Helpers;[11] seventh, the Washington

[11] "Hundred Helpers"; an organization of one hundred women pledged to contribute $5.00 each to the Bishop when notified of the death of a clergyman leaving a widow insufficiently provided for.

Cathedral; eighth, the Cathedral in Baltimore; ninth, the disappearance of old party lines and bitter divisions between high Churchmen and low Churchmen.

I take them in the order thus named.

My first general idea of the Bishop's work was that which St. Paul gave to Titus as Bishop of Crete; "That thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city"; correcting and inspiring the Church life where it needed it, and providing pastoral care for all. And I found, as one of the things needing correction, a general usage of delaying Confirmation until the sixteenth or seventeenth year or later; so that instead of "Children brought to the Bishop," they were almost or quite adult persons. And the clergy thought it a matter to be mentioned with satisfaction that there was so large a proportion of adults in the classes. In one of my early rounds I preached, or made addresses on that subject in almost all the churches; reminding them of the Prayer Book command that "Children should be brought so soon as they are able to learn the

Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments," and can answer the other questions in the Catechism. And soon I saw the result in the large number of children from twelve to fourteen years of age.

Out of my work in the Maryland Class of Theology came my wish for a higher standard of preparation for the Ministry. I found that in every seminary thorough familiarity with the English Bible was not secured; and I made that the first requisite. I requested of the Examining Chaplains that without being needlessly severe, they should be thorough, and not pass any who did not fairly come up to the right standard. I soon found that the candidates coming from the seminaries complained that our examinations were more severe than those to which they were accustomed; and that some students, more anxious for getting through than for being thoroughly furnished, tried to evade our examinations by being transferred to other dioceses.

I hope and pray that the Maryland standards may not be lowered. I am sure that even though improved, they are by no means

so severe as those required in the schools of medicine and of law. I look back upon the results in those who during my twenty-five years have been ordained in this Diocese, with much satisfaction. While there were two or three cases in which their work in the Ministry disappointed me, all the others proved themselves "Able ministers;" and some of them rose to eminence.

At the beginning of my Episcopate the salaries of the country clergy were very low indeed, averaging only about six hundred dollars. But kindly conference between the Bishop and the vestries proved helpful, though there were some troublesome things. For instance, when from funds at my control I had added one hundred and fifty dollars to the salary of one who was receiving only five hundred dollars, the vestry seemed to think that amount too large, and at once cut off one hundred and fifty from the amount they had been paying. Still, little by little, the general standard was raised; and now the Convention has by vote named one thousand dollars as what should be the minimum for a married priest.

In 1885, the year of my consecration, the largest sum paid in Maryland for the relief of a clergyman aged or disabled, was three hundred dollars, but the people of the Church responded so readily to our statements of the need that now we find ourselves able to grant five hundred or six hundred dollars.

The story of the Silent Churches is to me a very pleasant one. I found, in my first year, that there were fourteen churches in the Diocese, in which for more than a year there had been no resident pastor, and no provision for worship or for Sunday School. Preaching on the subject of Diocesan Missions, in one of the larger churches in Washington, I mentioned that fact; and then, with a sudden impulse, looking up from my manuscript, I said, "Do you know that with the very little the people themselves could do, and what our Committee of Missions could give, an additional three hundred dollars would keep one of those Silent Churches open for a year? And when I know that some of you spend more than that on the wages of a single servant not really needed,

or for a single social entertainment, I wonder whether there is not someone in this congregation who covets the luxury of opening a Silent Church."

Three days after the rector of that church brought me a letter written by a lady who did not give her name, saying that in her journey she reached Washington on Saturday, and, obeying her conscience, rested there on Sunday to pay her duty to God in worship; that she heard the Bishop's story of the Silent Churches, and she coveted the luxury of keeping one of them open. Three one hundred dollar bills were enclosed.

The next Sunday the rector read that letter to his congregation, and suggested that someone might follow the example. There were two responses of two hundred dollars each. I told the story in several of our stronger churches, with good result, and asked for the formation of a Guild or Society to help the Bishop in this or in any other work for which he should have urgent need. The Bishop's Guild, of women, was soon organized. Its contributions for the first

year, about twelve hundred dollars, were given to the Bishop's Theological fund.[12] Since that time, by the Bishop's request, it has given to the Silent Church fund, a yearly sum of nearly always one thousand dollars. The Maryland Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary gives three hundred dollars a year or more. And now all the churches which I found closed have been made vocal again; while the fund is still needed to keep them and others from relapsing into silence.

I found at my coming a Bishop's library of about nine thousand very valuable volumes of doctrinal and historical theology; the gift of Bishop Whittingham, to be (using his own words) "for the use of the Bishop of Maryland and his successors forever."

It was admirable for the use of the Bishop and the more studious of the clergy, but not for general use. It was open to visitors from ten till four o'clock, but only as a library for reference, and not for circulation. Thinking of the clergy in the rural churches, their few books, and their distance

[12] This was before the Diocese of Maryland was divided.

from libraries, I began the formation of a lending department whose books should be lent to clergymen at their request, without charge, we paying the charge of sending them (but not of return) by express or mail. This collection grew rapidly by gifts and purchases until now our combined "Diocesan Libraries" number some thirty thousand volumes, and are proving themselves very useful.

As to Cathedrals, I have not been a builder, but only a beginner, in two cases; and in both I did not seek the work, but it sought me and was, providentially, made my duty. About the year 1891 the Rector of St. John's Church, Washington, brought me the tidings of a gift offered for Cathedral uses in that city. It was not from a person of very great wealth, but from a woman, Miss Mann, who, by her own work and saving, had accumulated a little money. Invested in real estate it grew. Being unmarried and wishing to live plainly, she offered to give, for the endowment of a Cathedral when it should be built, property worth about $80,000 or more.

The laymen of Washington took up the idea, subscribed money and received, largely by gift, a valuable site [13] for the Cathedral. A special act of incorporation was secured, and statutes were framed. Soon followed a generous offer from Mrs. Hearst, of $175,000 for a building on the Cathedral grounds to be known as the Cathedral School for Girls.[14]

On the division of the Diocese, I passed over the whole property to the Bishop of the new Diocese. That Cathedral work was the strongest influence for determining my choice of the Diocese of Maryland instead of that of Washington. I felt that I did not have the special qualities for a Cathedral builder. I knew that the task would be very burdensome, and that I was too old to undertake it, and must leave it for younger shoulders.

In like manner the beginning of a Cathe-

[13] The site of the Washington Cathedral, known as the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, is now at Mount St. Alban. The foundation stone was laid on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, 1907.

[14] The Hearst Cathedral School for Girls has since been built, and has become one of the best known and most influential schools in the Country.

dral in Baltimore was not by my suggestion. Many years before I had been asked whether I wanted a Cathedral. I said that I did, if I could have it after my own ideas. I did not want the five millions proposed for New York, and for Washington. I would be content with one-third of that sum. I should want it placed not in the rich or aristocratic part of the city, for the enjoyment of the wealthy, but among the poor. It should be truly a bishop's church, under his control. One-half of the money should be used for buildings, and one-half as an endowment for the support of the work. The seats must be always free; no pew rents or pledges, but voluntary offerings at every service, which should be used for missions and for charity. The ushers should be instructed to give the best seats to the plainer people, and to put those in gay clothing further off. This idea of a Cathedral did not meet the popular wish.

But when, through the wise foresight of the Reverend E. B. Niver, an excellent site was selected, and he proposed the matter to me, I approved it, and requested him to act.

By his energy, and that of others, not mine, the interest of many laymen was secured, money was contributed, and the work begun. And again, being in my 84th year, I am too old to be the leader in the work, and I leave it to one who as younger and more hopeful can look forward to some fruition of our plans.[15]

In the spring of 1909, being then in my 83rd year, I saw that I could not longer do effectively all the work which the Diocese needed; that the interests of the Church, and my own health called for some change; I asked for the election of a Bishop Coadjutor. It was readily granted, and the consecration accomplished in the fall of the same year.[16]

And the way in which my dear Brother, Bishop Murray, has entered on his work has most effectively relieved me from all anxieties, and from the heavier duties. It is my purpose to leave to him almost the entire control, reserving to myself only some points

[15] Bishop Murray.

[16] September 29th, 1909, at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore.

of ultimate decision, and such parts of the work as I find myself able to undertake.

I am devoutly thankful for a long life which has been a happy one, and, I hope, in some measure a useful one. I see, as I look back, many short-comings and mistakes on my part. And in practically laying down my task, it is a happiness to me that I can leave to my successor a Diocese which, though before my election had been torn by bitter party dissensions, now for twenty-five years has been free from them. And this is not as a result of my wisdom and work, but entirely through God's wise ordering and love.

A few weeks after the Consecration of the Bishop Coadjutor, I carried out my wish to leave him for a year in control as the Ecclesiastical Authority, so enabling him fully to understand and take up his work. And on the 21st of October, 1909, with the approval of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, I sailed for a year's absence in Europe, and I write these closing words in the City of Naples on the 13th day of March, A. D., 1910.[17]

[17] After leaving Naples, Bishop Paret and his family spent several months in travel in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and a short time in England, returning to Baltimore the latter part of September, 1910. Mrs. Paret, who had been in failing health for some time, became much worse soon after her return, and after a long illness died at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, January 15th, 1911. The Bishop survived her only two days. Shortly before her death he was taken with pneumonia, and passed peacefully away on the 18th of January, 1911.

THE END

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